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EDITORIAL

Of course, there's *nothing* more pathetic than a bloated, aging punk congratulating itself on the totally accidental bull's-eyes of its full-auto misfired youth. So, needless to say, there's not a bit of that going on here. Yeah, yeah, I know *Heavy Metal* is considerably fatter than it used to be (a change in marketplace metabolism, you know), and it has indeed now entered its second decade (senior citizenship for a magazine this off-the-wall), but unfortunately, there just ain't that much good marksmanship to take credit for. To be bluntly reductionist, the only dead-on shots to be spit from this muzzle were the opening volley. Without denigrating the work of Sean Kelly, Ted White, and Julie Simmons-Lynch over the past ten years, I believe that once these opening shots were fired the die was cast.

Let's look at the facts: When *HM* erupted out of nowhere in April 1977, it was not only ahead of its time, but *sideways* to it as well. The concept of filling an entire slick magazine with comics was about as weird as wrapping Twinkies in gold foil and selling them at outrageous prices as gourmet desserts (hmmm . . .). Undergrounds—which looked for a while like they'd forever change the face of comics—appeared to have toked their last, while the Marvel-DC hegemony were once again ruling the funny-book kingdom with a heavy-handed iron fist. Business was back to as usual—feeding and stoking the addiction of action-hungry, sophistication-poor kids—and the toupeed guys running things pretended that anything outside their self-contained universes either didn't exist, or if it did, certainly had no effect on the tried-and-true course they were plowing.

All you have to do is look around to see who was right on and who wasn't. While *HM* is still pretty much alone on the mass-market magazine racks, bookstores are filled with "graphic novels" and European-styled comic albums (which this company was doing back when distributors and retailers had no bloody idea what to do with them, and people didn't want to buy them), and comic racks are choked with enough periodical excretions to poison every mind on the planet. We've got *Raw* and *Prime Cuts* covering the highbrow territory, *Weirdo* and *Splat* handling the lowbrow, and Catalan keeping the bookstores jumping (with such *HM* stalwarts as Corben, Liberatore, Kierkegaard, Findley, Manara, Moreno, Giger, Crepax, and others). Credit also Pantheon (Spiegelman, soon to be joined by Panter and Burns), Doubleday (Dave Letterman's pal Harvey "Mr. Sunshine" Pekar), and Ballantine (the belated *Bus* book). Meanwhile, in dingy little comic shops and glitzy junk-culture mega-stores (two more recent phenomena) courageous little guys like Fantagraphics (the Hernandezes' *Love & Rockets*, Bagge's *Neat Stuff*, and Howarth's *Particle Dreams*), Vortex (*Mr. X*, the *Post Bros.*, Ted McKeever's *Transit*, and Chester Brown's *Yummy Fur*), Renegade (*The Silent Invasion*), and Eclipse (*Reid Fleming: World's Toughest Milkman*) are all supporting new territorial incursions into the medium's creative fringes.

Not to mention this month's crowning absurdity: seems those self-effacing boys at Marvel are set to begin publishing a new series of books by some obscure French guy named Jean Giraud, also known as Moebius. Seems to me I've heard that name before, and something tells me it wasn't in a Marvel comic. The press blather from the House of Ideas certainly doesn't help—as far as *they're* concerned *they* discovered the guy, so I guess my drug-addled memory is playing tricks on me. (But seriously, guys, ain't it time you outgrew this childish solipsism, and own up to the fact that *other* outfits do occasionally hit on some good stuff before you do? Sheesh.)

To say that *HM* was directly responsible for *all* this would be a bit presumptuous (even for me), but it does say something when you tote up how many of the field's current innovators got their first Yankee exposure in these pages, and how many of the young punks now muscling for position owe debts of inspiration to this unhumble rag. And as much as the fan-cult might deny it (since they never really paid us any attention), the comics they read and devour today wouldn't exist as such without *HM*'s track-laying, just as we never could have happened without the undergrounds, the Marvel Comics of the sixties, and the ECs of the fifties.

So whether you wish us a happy tenth or not, or whether we're around for another decade or two, ain't really important. Just so long as you allow an old punk its nostalgic maunderings, and give it a few moments to dote on its offspring. Pop will always invent itself.

—Lou Stathis

Former *HM* Associate Editor Lou Stathis is now a freelance writer/editor/curmudgen for numerous low-rent publications.

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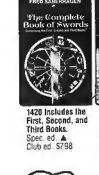

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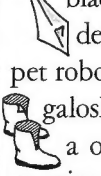

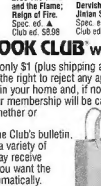

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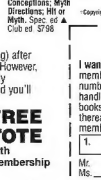

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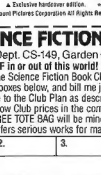

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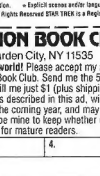

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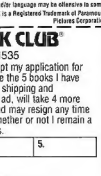

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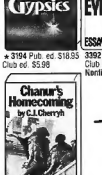

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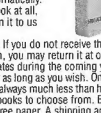

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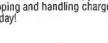

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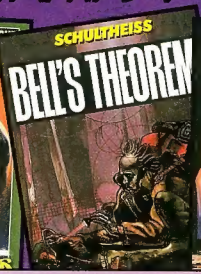

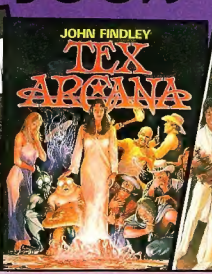

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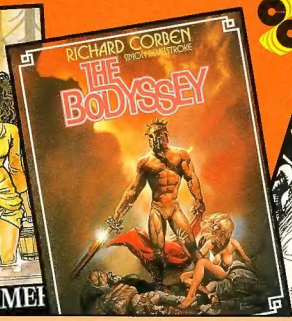

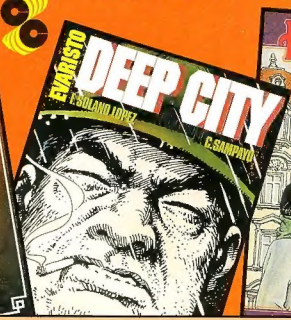

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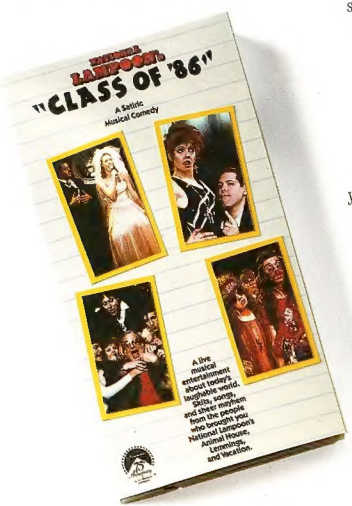
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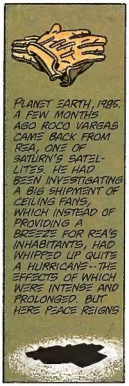
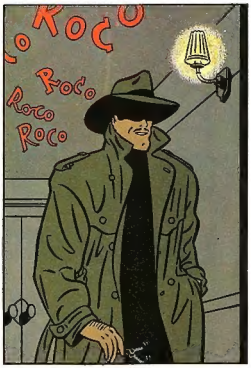

PLANET EARTH, 1985. A FEW MONTHS AGO ROCO VARGAS CAME BACK FROM RSA, ONE OF SATURN'S SATELLITES. HE HAD BEEN INVESTIGATING A BIG SHIPMENT OF CEILING FANS, WHICH INSTEAD OF PROVIDING A BREEZE FOR RSA'S INHABITANTS, HAD WHIPPED UP QUITE A HURRICANE--THE EFFECTS OF WHICH WERE INTENSE AND PROLONGED. BUT HERE PEACE REIGNS

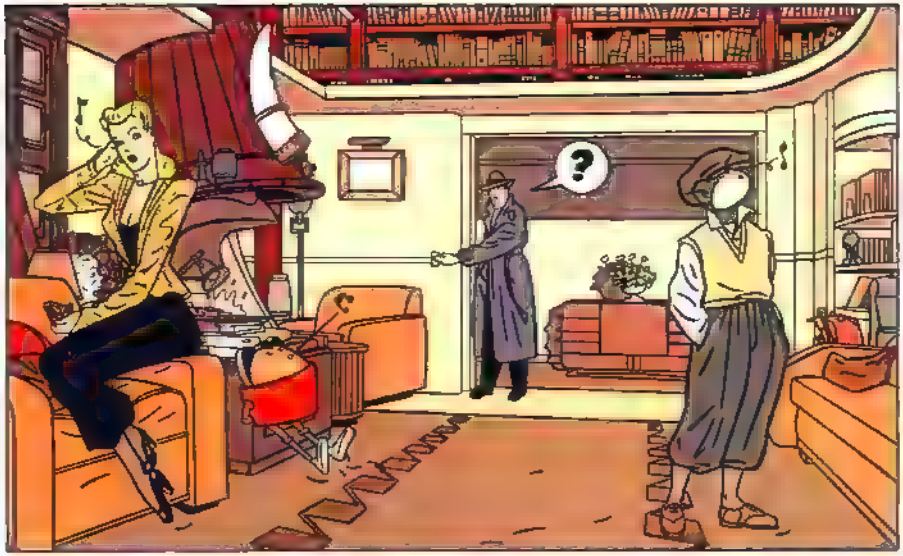
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

WHAT DO YOU THINK, ROCO? SHOULD WE GO ON?

ROCO!
VARGAS!
ROCO!
ROCO!
VARGAS!
ROOOCO!


ROCO
ROCO
ROCO
ROCO

PSST! CAREFUL! ARMANDO'S ON HIS WAY.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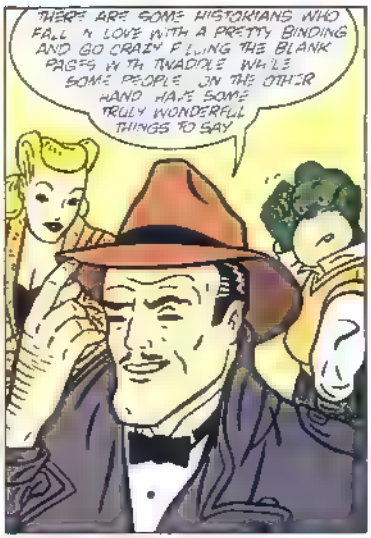
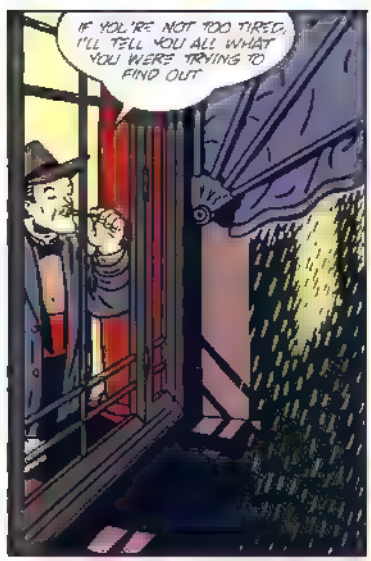
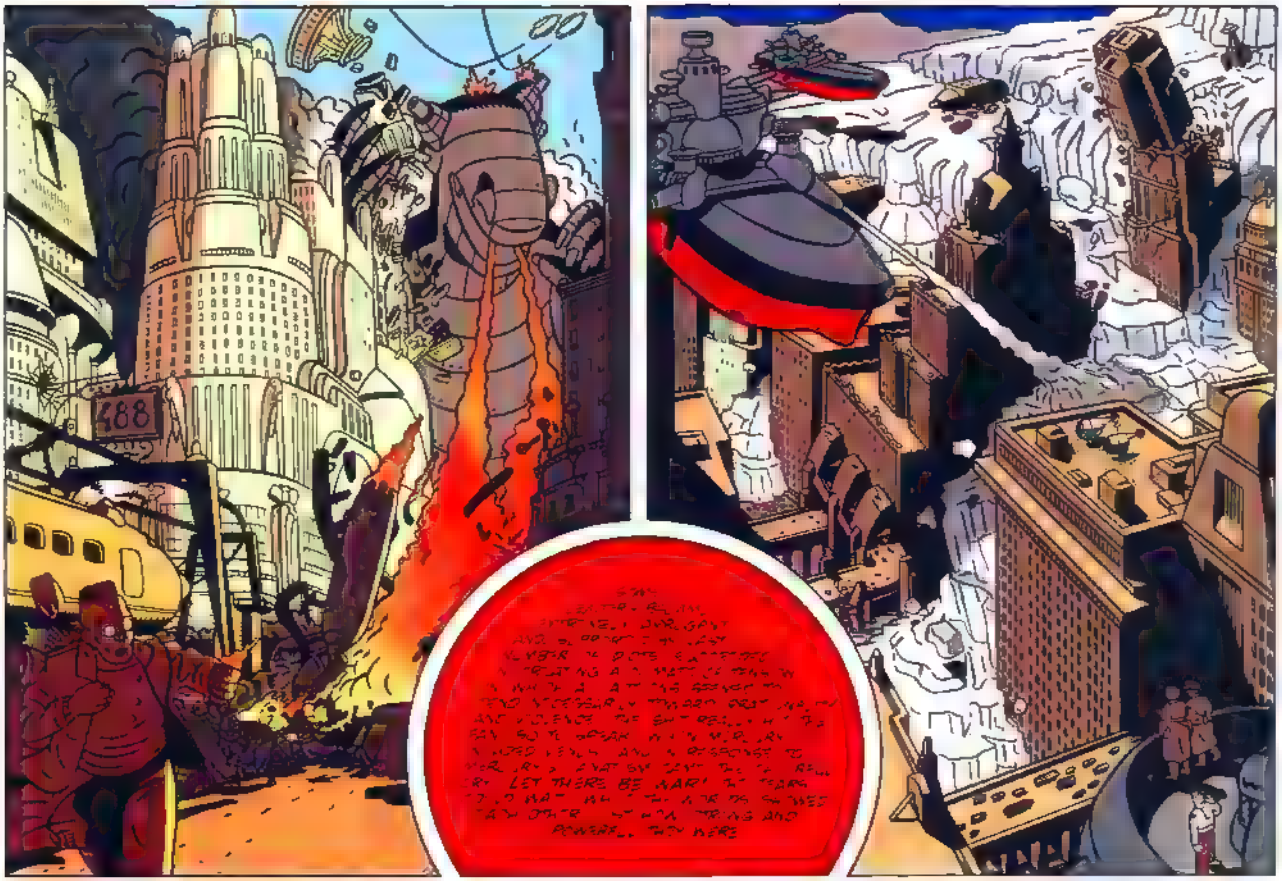
HOPE FOR HUMANITY
SOLAR SYST
VOL XXIII
ROCO VARGAS
PLANETARY
ADVENTURES


THERE ARE SOME HISTORIANS WHO FALL IN LOVE WITH A PRETTY BINDING AND GO CRAZY FILLING THE BLANK PAGES WITH TWADDLE WHILE SOME PEOPLE ON THE OTHER HAND HAVE SOME TRULY WONDERFUL THINGS TO SAY


IF YOU'RE NOT TOO TIRED, I'LL TELL YOU ALL WHAT YOU WERE TRYING TO FIND OUT

YOU'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW ME BACK IN TIME TO THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT WAR. I HAVE SO MANY MEMORIES OF THAT YEAR. SOME OF THEM VERY VIVID, OTHERS MERE GHOSTS OF A RECOLLECTION

JUST LIKE THE DOODLES ONE TRACES ON FOGGY WINDOWS
195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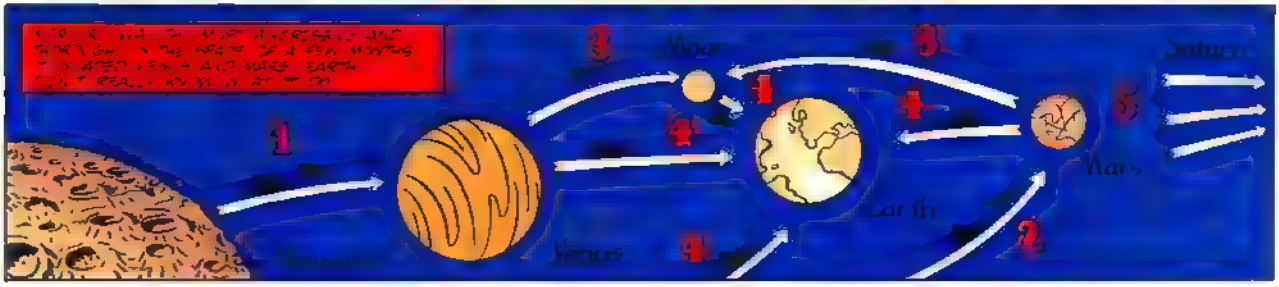
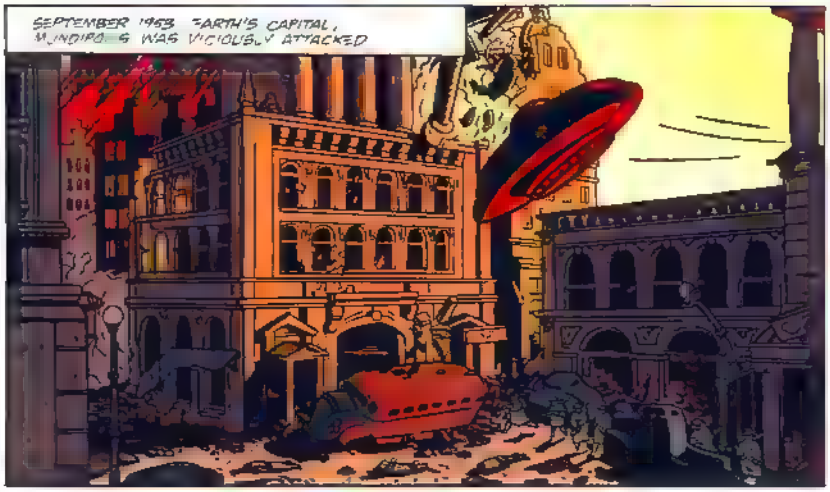
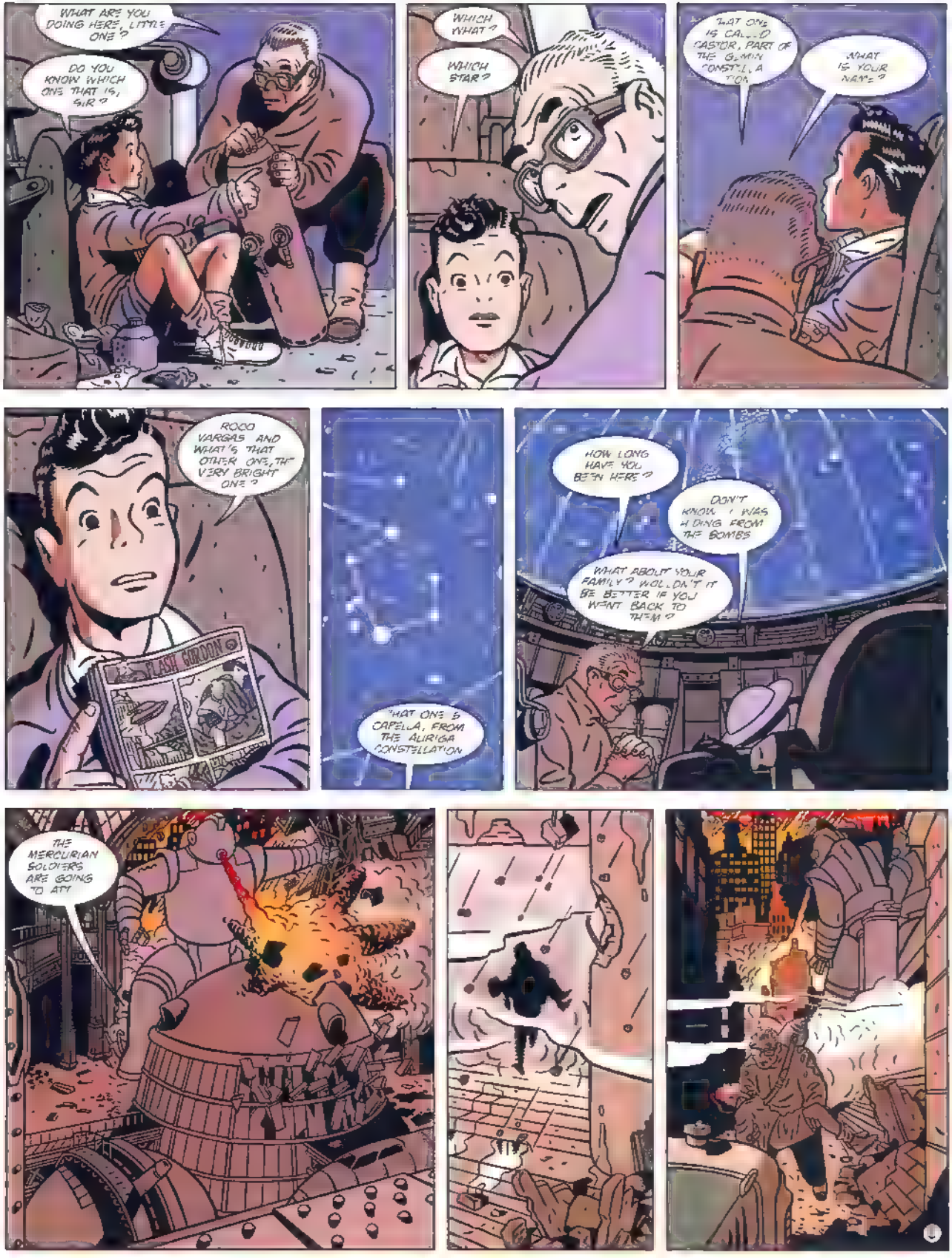

Mars
Saturn
Earth
Venus
Mercury
1
2
3
4
5


SEPTEMBER 1953 EARTH'S CAPITAL, WASHINGTON WAS VICIOUSLY ATTACKED

NOTHING REMAINED STANDING
ATOMIC CENTER
ASTROPHYSICS LAB

?
THE PLANETARIUM IS STILL WORKING!
HEY! THERE'S SOMEBODY OVER THERE!
!?
HELLO


WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE, LITTLE ONE?
DO YOU KNOW WHICH ONE THAT IS, SIR?
WHICH WHAT?
WHICH STAR?
THAT ONE IS CALLED CASTOR, PART OF THE GEMINI CONSTELLATION
WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
ROCCO VARGAS AND WHAT'S THAT OTHER ONE, THE VERY BRIGHT ONE?
FLASH GORDON
THAT ONE'S CAPELLA, FROM THE AURIGA CONSTELLATION
HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN HERE?
DON'T KNOW. I WAS HIDING FROM THE BOMBS
WHAT ABOUT YOUR FAMILY? WOULDN'T IT BE BETTER IF YOU WENT BACK TO THEM?
THE MERCURIAN SOLDIERS ARE GOING TO ATT

THAT IS HOW YET PIERRE COVALSKY HE WAS A FAMOUS AND BRILLIANT SCIENTIST A PHYSICIST AND AN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER AS SOON AS THE WAR HAD BEEN DECLARED HE HAD RETIRED TO "CAMELOT" HIS LABORATORY HIDDEN WAY UP IN THE MOUNTAINS IT WAS HIS WAY OF DEALING WITH THE SITUATION

HE'S ABOUT TEN YEARS OLD HE THINKS HIS MOTHER IS DEAD, AND DOESN'T REALLY KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT HIS FATHER

HE DOESN'T LOOK TOO SAD

I REALLY WASN'T THE PLACE'S ABSORBED ALL MY ENERGY

AN NEWYORK OF CAMELOT IS WAY OF A VAST AND BEAUTIFUL PLACE, BATHED IN A GOLDEN HAZE

IT'S CHARM AND MYSTERY WHETTED MY INTEREST FOR KNOWLEDGE

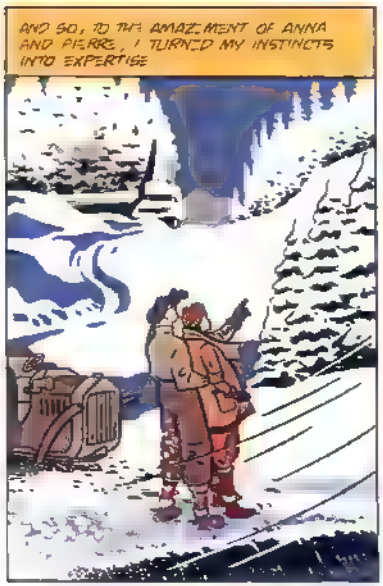
AND COVALSKY TRIED TO FILL MY VORACIOUS MIND AS BEST HE COULD

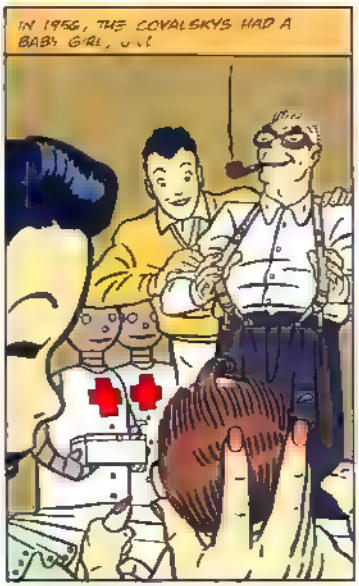
TIME WENT BY AND I GREW UP THOSE WERE GOLDEN YEARS

SOON AFTER I STARTED HELPING DR
CVA 4K A TH HIS EXPERIMENTS

AND ON HIS PART, HE STARTED TEACHING ME HOW TO
PILOT HIS SPACESHIPS SOMETHING SEEMED TO HAPPEN
TO ME AS SOON AS I CLIMBED INTO A ROCKET MY FLESH
TURNED INTO STEEL AND BECAME PART OF THE FUSELAGE

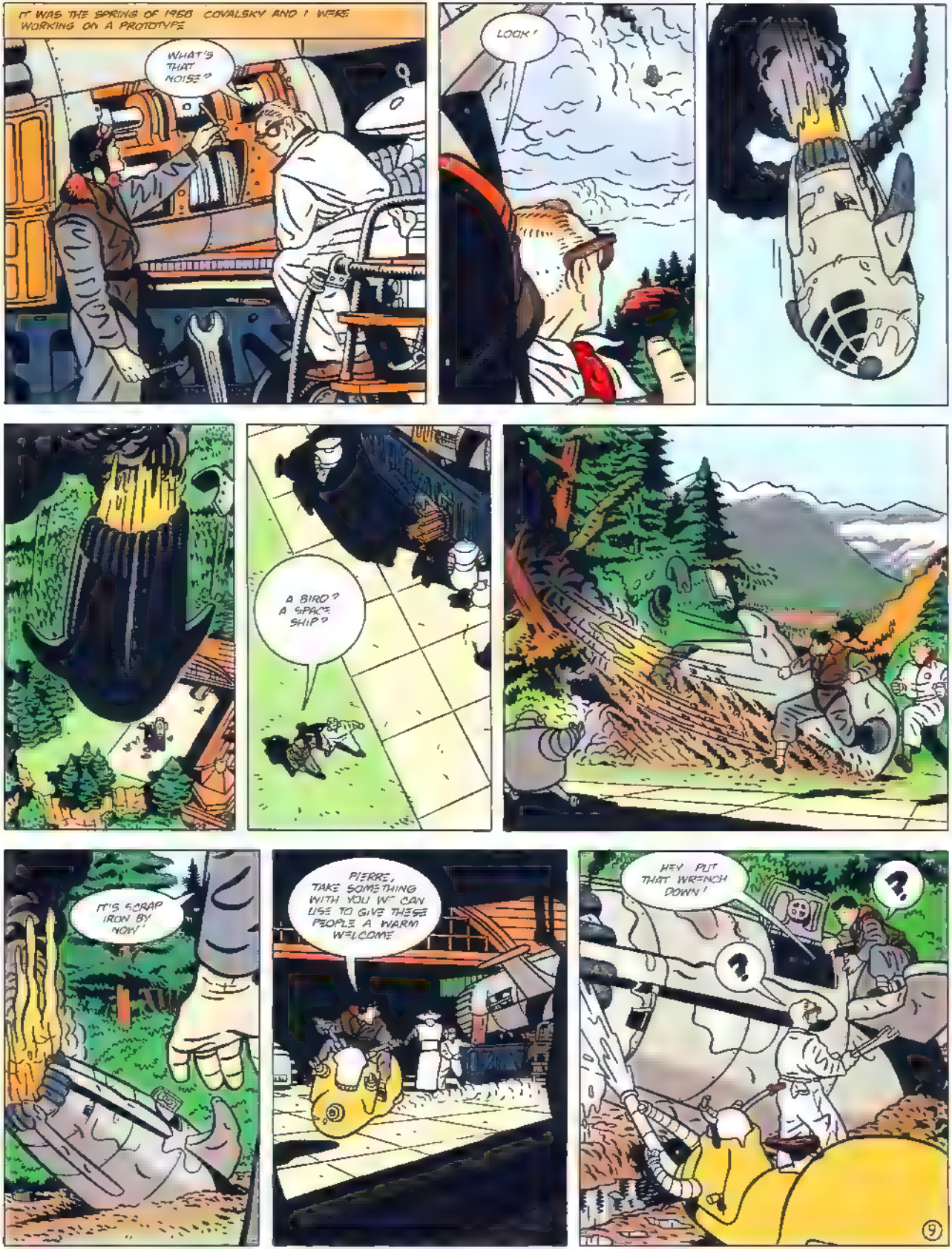
IT WAS AS IF I WERE DOING THE
FLYING AND THE SPACESHIP WERE
ACCOMPANYING ME, DOCILE AND
OBEDIENT TO ALL MY COMMANDS


AND SO, TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ANNA
AND PIERRE, I TURNED MY INSTINCTS
INTO EXPERTISE


IN 1956, THE COVALSKYS HAD A
BABY GIRL, JUL

SO THAT'S HOW IT
ALL STARTED THERE WERE
ONLY FOUR OF US, BUT WE
WERE ALL THE WORLD
TO EACH OTHER

FOR FIVE YEARS THE
NOISES OF WAR
REACHED US ONLY
THROUGH THE
RADIO
BUT THE FIRST RUMOR
THAT IT HAD ENDED
CAME TO US STRAIGHT
FROM THE SKY

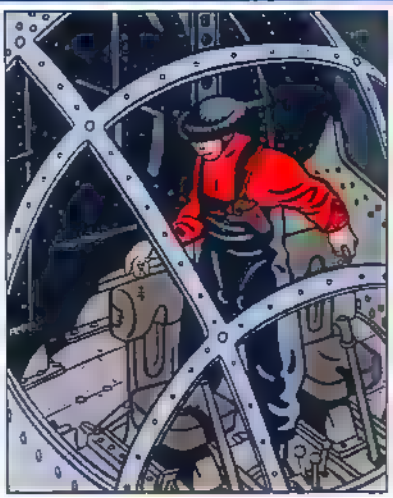

IT WAS THE SPRING OF 1958 COVALSKY AND I WERE WORKING ON A PROTOTYPE
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?
LOOK!
A BIRD? A SPACE SHIP?
IT'S SCRAP IRON BY NOW!
PIERRE, TAKE SOMETHING WITH YOU WE CAN USE TO GIVE THESE PEOPLE A WARM WELCOME
HEY PUT THAT WRENCH DOWN!
?
?
9

HELP!
AGAIN? OUCH!
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? LET'S MAKE ONE THING CLEAR M A CRUEL MERCURIAN SOLDIER, AND 'M EVIL, VERY EVIL!
AND, NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU BATTER MY BRAINS, YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TURN ME INTO A SAINT!
OHHH! BUT PLEASE, DO WHATEVER YOU WANT WITH ME, AND JUST TAKE THAT DEVIL OF AN EARTHLING AWAY FROM ME
WOW! WHAT A BOMB!
IT'S FANTASTIC!
WHAT A SCENE!

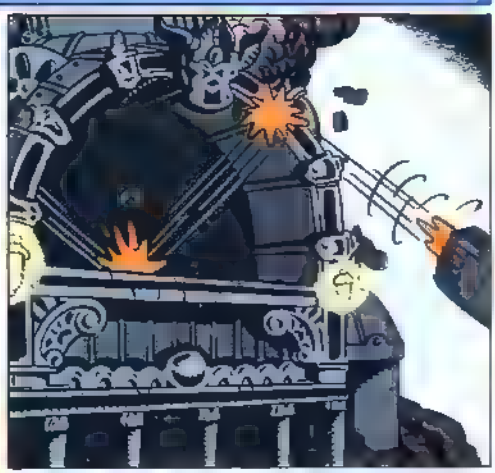
OH!
BOMB? TUB?
EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF WAR ARE THEY FIGHTING OUT THERE?
WAKE UP, PIERRE. THE WORLD IS CHANGING!
HEY, M'DEST DID YOU CHECK OUT THE ENGINE?
MY NAME IS SARXON AND I'M AN OFFICER OF THE DRAKON ASSAULT TROOPS, THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS OF THIS WAR, WHICH BY THE WAY, IS GOING TO END VERY SOON TO HELL WITH IT! SAVE IT FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE AND THE LITTLE BRAINS POSSESSED AND IT DIDN'T KEEP ANY OF THE PROMISES IT MADE
JUST IMAGINE TODAY I WAS GIVEN ORDERS TO ATTACK A SMALL LITTLE ASTEROID LAB CLOSE TO EARTH A LOW PRIORITY MISSION, GARBAGE REALLY!
THAT'S WHERE I USED TO LIVE!
AND WHEN WE GOT THERE NOTHING! THERE REALLY WAS NOTHING THERE A FEW SCRAPS OF IRON, AND SOME DIRTY LOOKING "MEN". REALLY A DRAG! I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT STAMP COLLECTING IS MUCH MORE HEROIC THAN THIS MISSION.

THOSE REPAIRMEN WERE NOT JUST DIRTY, THEY WERE ALSO REALLY SCARED AND TO MAKE THINGS WORSE, MY TROOP'S CIRCUITS SHORTED JUST LIKE THAT TOO. CALL IT "MECHANICAL FATIGUE" YOU CAN'T EVEN BEGIN TO IMAGINE WHAT THEY DID AT THAT VERY MOMENT I DECIDED THAT THIS "FATIGUE" HAD BECOME AN EPIDEMIC, AND THAT MY TIME HAD COME TO LEAVE PUBLIC LIFE.

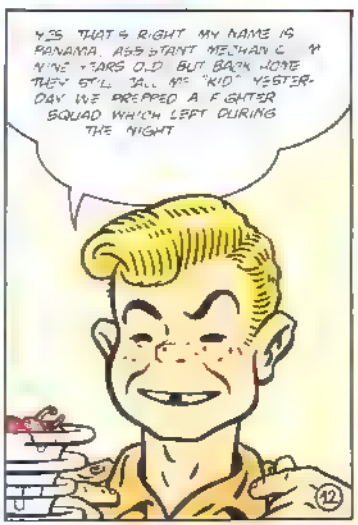
SINCE MY SHIPS HAD BEEN TAKEN OVER BY PSYCHOS, I TRIED TO FIND A DISCREET WAY TO MAKE AN EXIT BUT WHEN I FINALLY GOT TO THIS HUGE FLYING **THING**, AND TRY TO START IT, THIS LITTLE DEVIL HERE HITS ME ON THE HEAD AND TIES ME UP!



I THOUGHT THAT AT MY AGE I HAD BEEN THROUGH ALMOST EVERYTHING, BUT WHAT HAPPENED DURING OUR TAKE-OFF DEFIES IMAGINATION. THIS YOUNG ANIMAL HERE WAS AT THE CONTROLS.

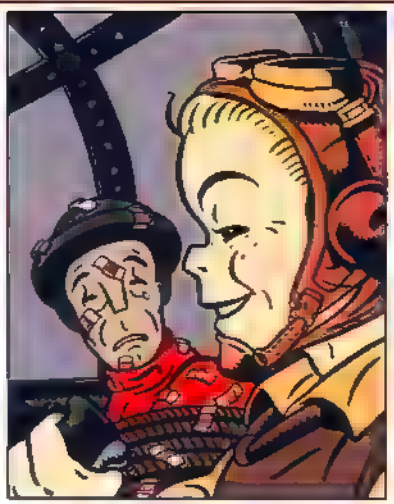


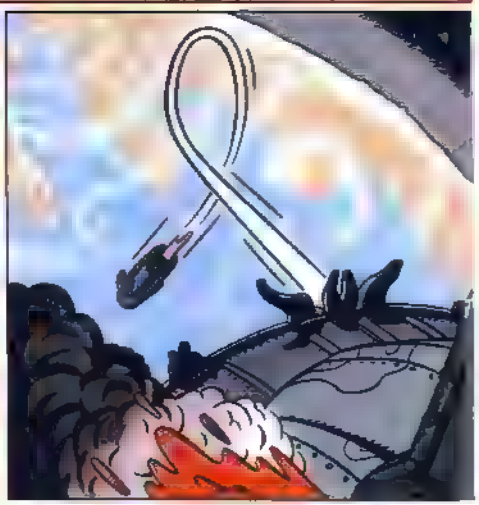
YES THAT'S RIGHT MY NAME IS PANAMA. ASSISTANT MECHANIC. I'M NINE YEARS OLD BUT BACK HOME THEY STILL CALL ME "KID" YESTERDAY WE PREPPED A FIGHTER SQUAD WHICH LEFT DURING THE NIGHT



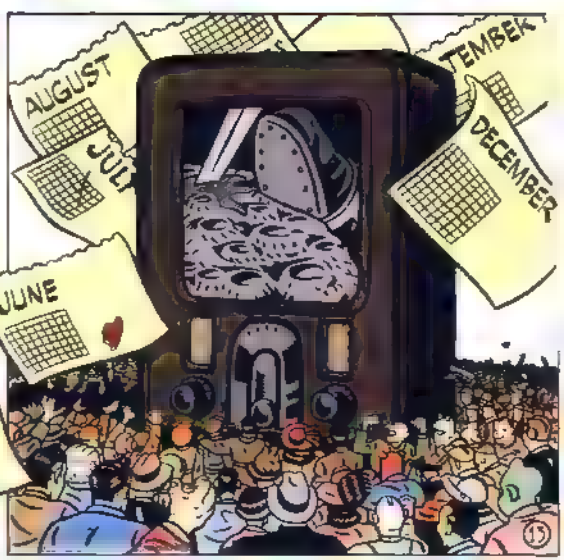
SO WHEN WE SAW THESE DOOOS FLY IN THE NEXT MORNING, WE LAUGHED OUR HEADS OFF. THEY MADE SUCH A MESS THAT THEY STARTED SHOOTING EACH OTHER. CHRIST! THEY MADE A WRECK OF EVERYTHING. I MANAGED TO GET AWAY FROM THEM AND HIDE IN A SHIP. THAT'S WHERE I FOUND THIS GUY.

AFTER FIGHTING WITH HIM FOR TWO OR THREE HOURS, I TIED HIM UP SO WE COULDN'T MOVE AND DIRECTED MY COURSE TOWARDS EARTH



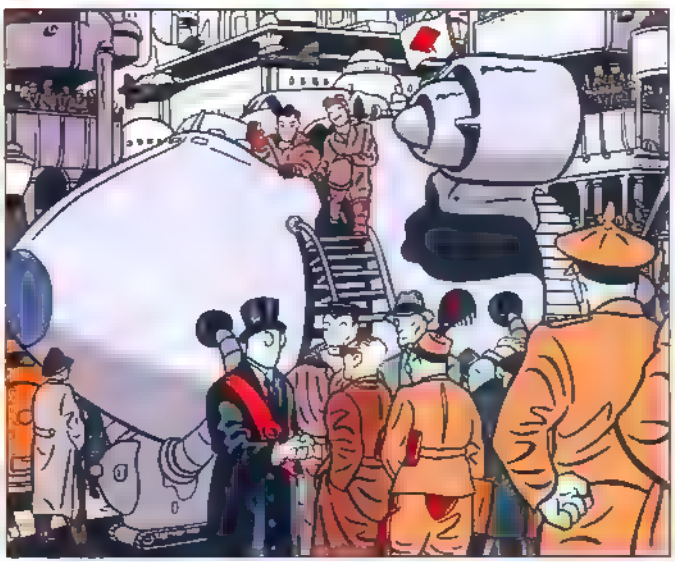


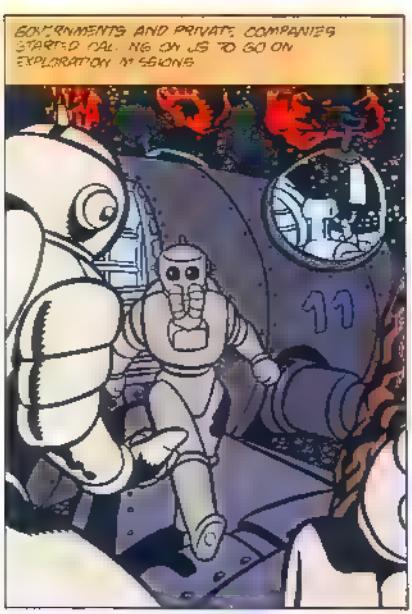
OUR FAMILY HAD GROWN MUCH LARGER IN A VERY SHORT TIME, AND SOON AFTER THE WAR ENDED - JUST AS SAXXON HAD FORETOLD - THE ALLIED ARMIES LANDED ON MERCURY WHO WAS FORCED TO SURRENDER AT THE END OF 1958

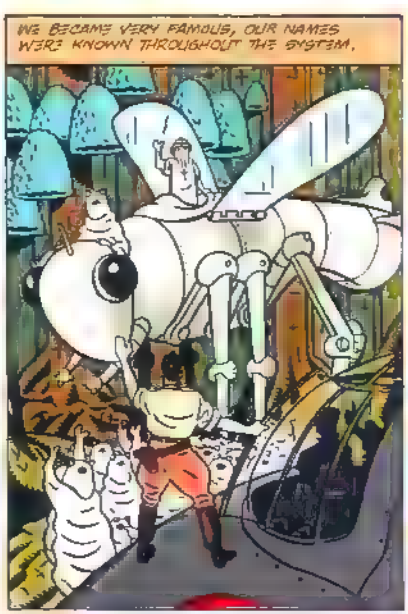


IT BECAME A WIDESPREAD BELIEF THAT THE WAR HAD ACTED AS A KIND OF OVERALL DISINFECTANT. ALL SKITTES HAD BEEN ELIMINATED, AND EVERYONE'S SOUL HAD BEEN CLEANSED. AS TIME WENT BY, ALL THE SOLAR SYSTEM BECAME FILLED WITH WINNERS

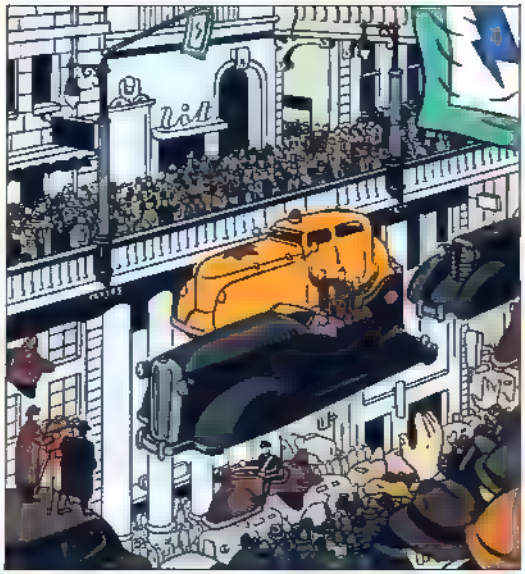
WE ALL KEPT ON LIVING IN CAMELOT, BUILDING AND TESTING THE WONDERFUL PROTOTYPES DESIGNED BY DR. COVALSKY. WE WERE A STRIKING TEAM, AND WE WERE HAPPY WHEN WE HAD AN AUDIENCE. WE SHOWED OFF OUR PROTOTYPES, DID SPECIAL DEMONSTRATIONS, DISCOVERED NEW FLYING TECHNIQUES, AND BEAT OUR OWN SPEED RECORDS DAILY.

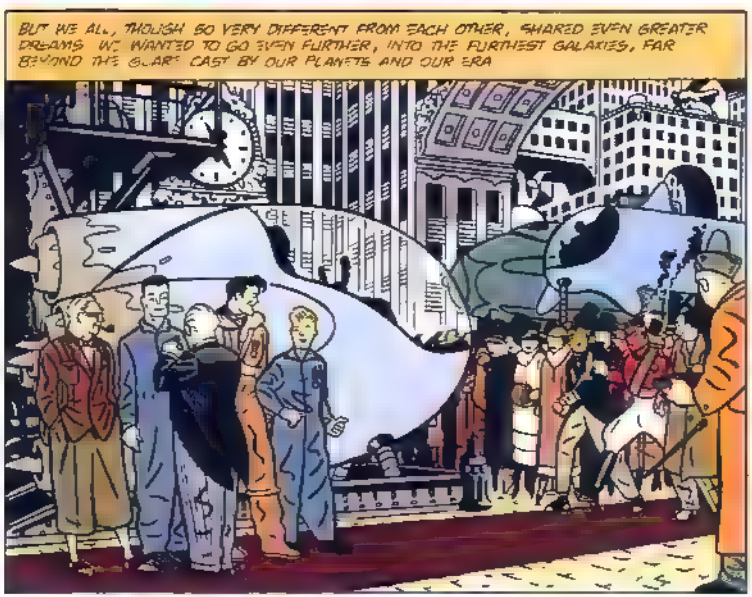


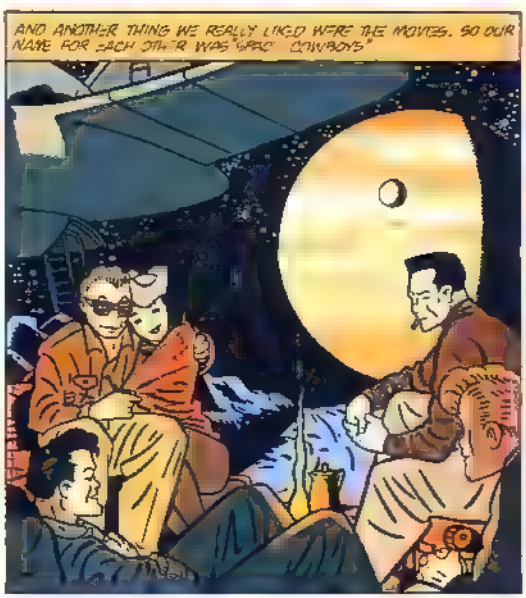


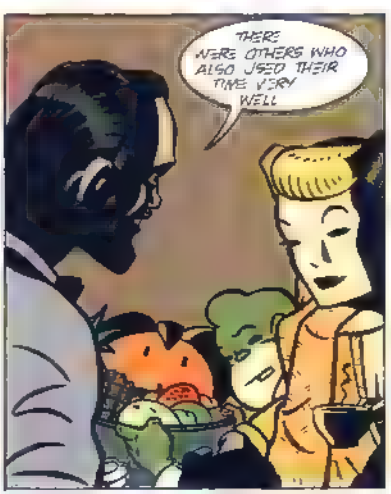


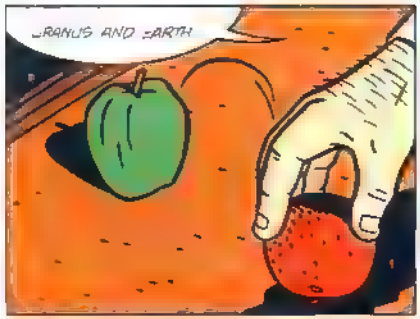
THE PLANETS WELCOMED US WITH OPEN ARMS. THEY GAVE US THEIR HEART AND THEIR EVERYTHING WE WERE FETED AND DECORATED, AND LITTLE OLD GRANDMOTHERS DREAMED OF HAVING ONE OF US AS A GRANDCHILD ONE OF THE USUAL VISIONARIES DECIDED THAT WE WERE GOING TO BE THE ROLE MODELS FOR THIS NEW ERA, AND CARRY ITS TORCH TO CROWN IT ALL, SOMEBODY ELSE DECIDED THAT WE SHOULD BE CALLED THE "COSMIC KIDS" JUST LIKE A CIRCUS NUMBER. HA, HA!



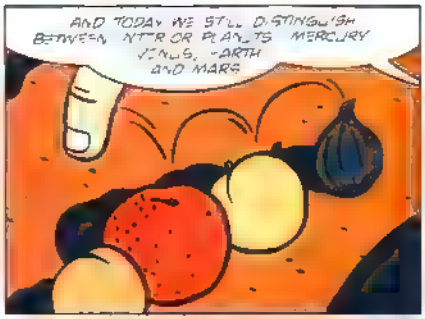

BUT WE ALL, THOUGH SO VERY DIFFERENT FROM EACH OTHER, SHARED EVEN GREATER DREAMS WE WANTED TO GO EVEN FURTHER, INTO THE FURTHEST GALAXIES, FAR BEYOND THE GLARE CAST BY OUR PLANETS AND OUR ERA

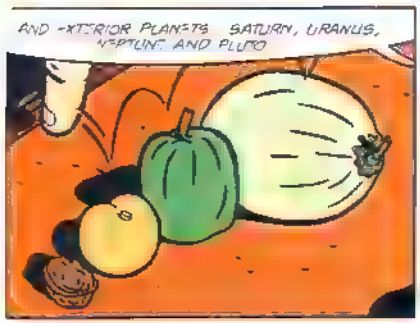




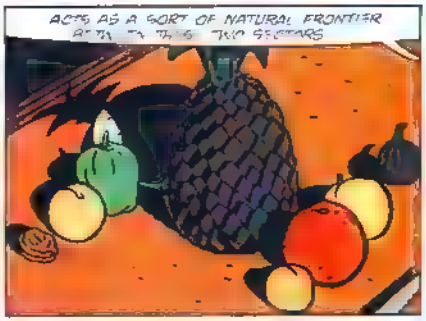

URANUS AND EARTH

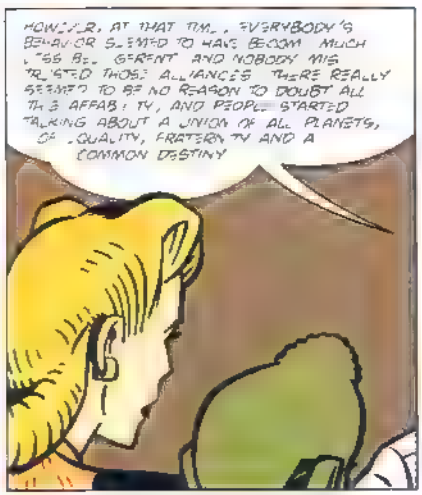
EACH CREATED A SAFETY NET AROUND ITSELF USING ITS NEIGHBORING PLANETS


AND TODAY WE STILL DISTINGUISH BETWEEN INTERIOR PLANETS MERCURY VENUS, EARTH AND MARS


AND EXTERIOR PLANETS SATURN, URANUS, NEPTUNE AND PLUTO

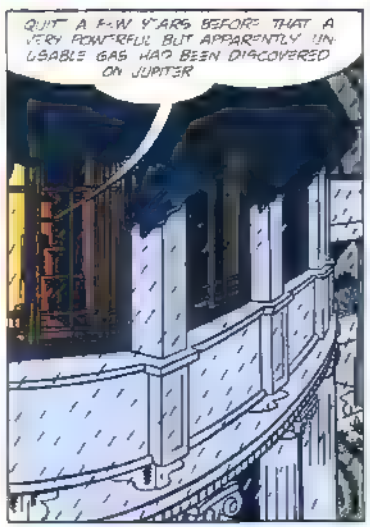
JUPITER, THE SLEEPING GIANT

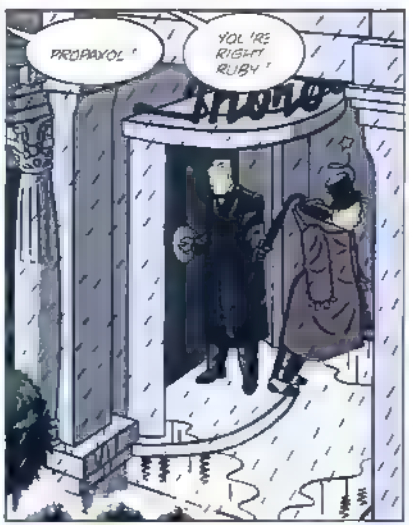

ACTS AS A SORT OF NATURAL FRONTIER BETWEEN THESE TWO GROUPS


HOWEVER, AT THAT TIME, EVERYBODY'S BEHAVIOR SEEMED TO HAVE BECOME MUCH LESS BELLIGERENT AND NOBODY MISTRUSTED THOSE ALLIANCES THERE REALLY SEEMED TO BE NO REASON TO DOUBT ALL THESE AFFABILITY, AND PEOPLE STARTED TALKING ABOUT A UNION OF ALL PLANETS, OF EQUALITY, FRATERNITY AND A COMMON DESTINY

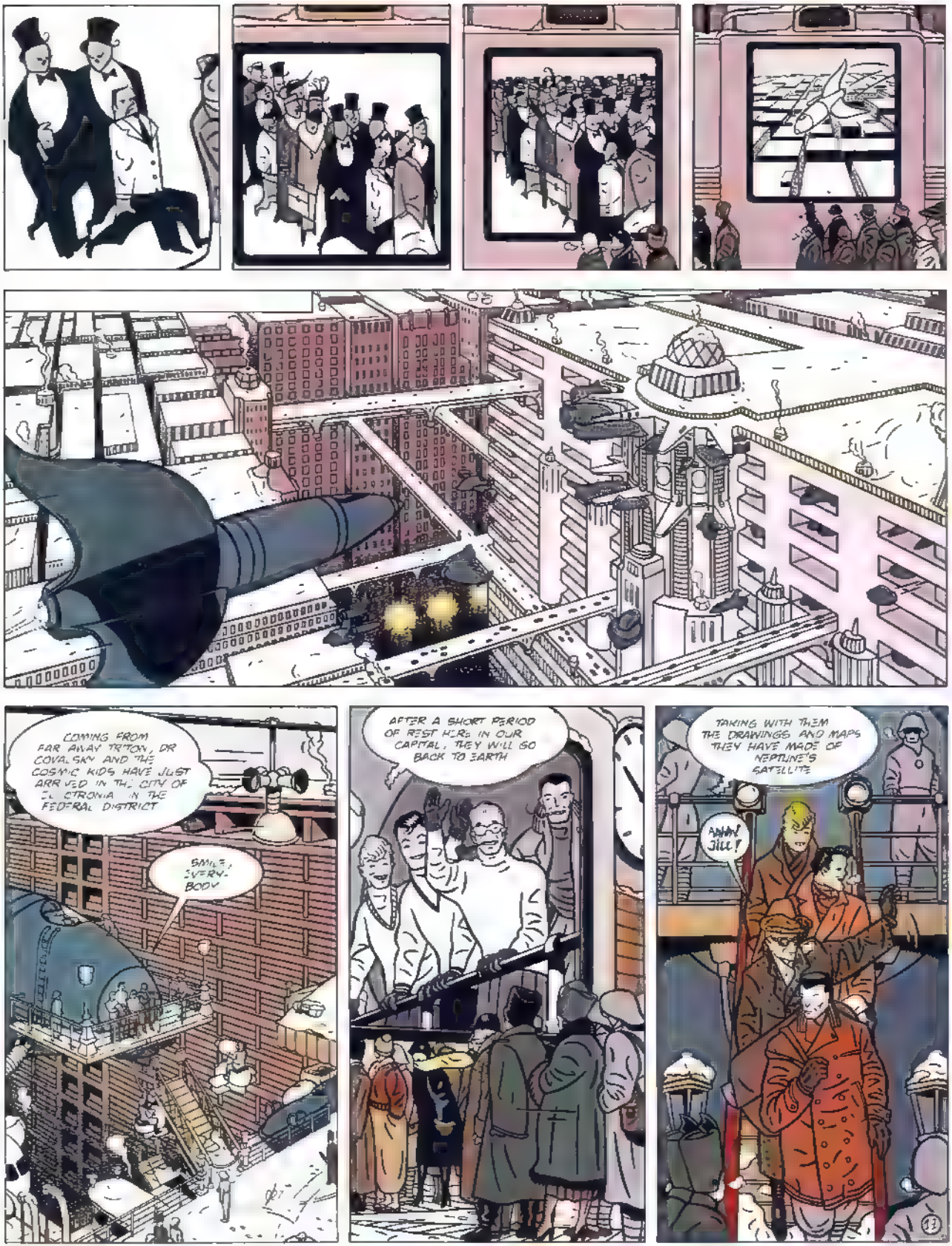
URANUS, WHO SUPPORTED THE UNIVERSALIST THEORY, WAS THE STRONGEST BACKER OF THESE IDEAS, BUT IT WASN'T THE ONLY ONE. IN 1959 THE SOLAR PLANETS ORGANIZATION, THE SPO, WAS BORN AND MANY PEOPLE SAW IN IT THE BEGINNING OF A FUTURE FEDERATION OF ALL THE PLANETS IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM

IT WAS DECREED THAT SCIENCE WAS GOING TO BE THE KEY THAT WOULD OPEN THE DOORS TO THE UNKNOWN. ALL PLANETS MUST HELP TOWARDS THIS GOAL. THE FIRST OBJECTIVE WAS TO REDUCE THE LENGTH OF INTERPLANETARY JOURNEYS AND THAT'S WHERE WE CAME IN


QUITE A FEW YEARS BEFORE THAT A VERY POWERFUL BUT APPARENTLY UNUSABLE GAS HAD BEEN DISCOVERED ON JUPITER

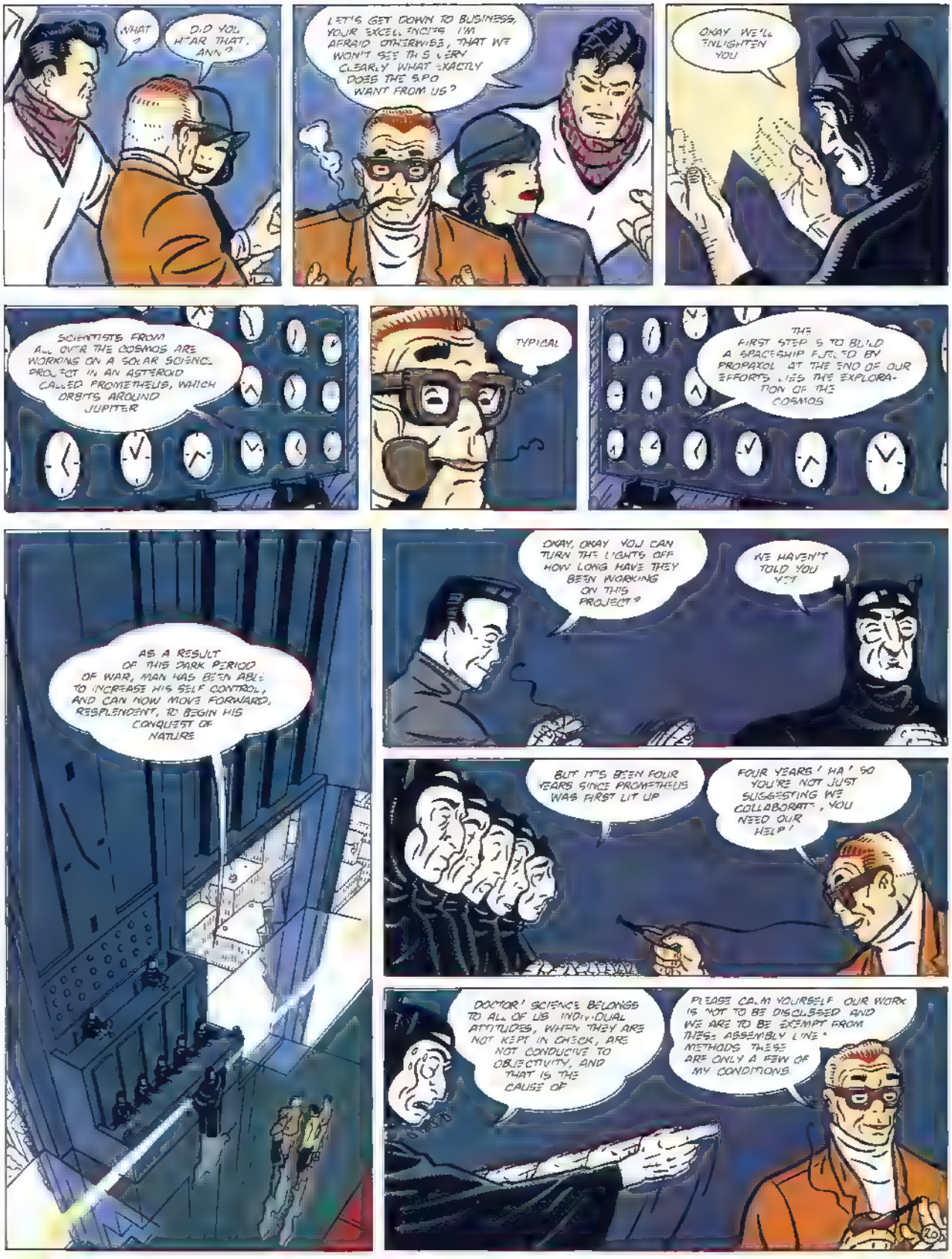

PROPAXOL'
YOU'RE RIGHT, RUBY'
STORE

IF SAMSON WILL PREPARE MORE COFFEE I'LL BEGIN THE LAST CHAPTER OF THIS STORY

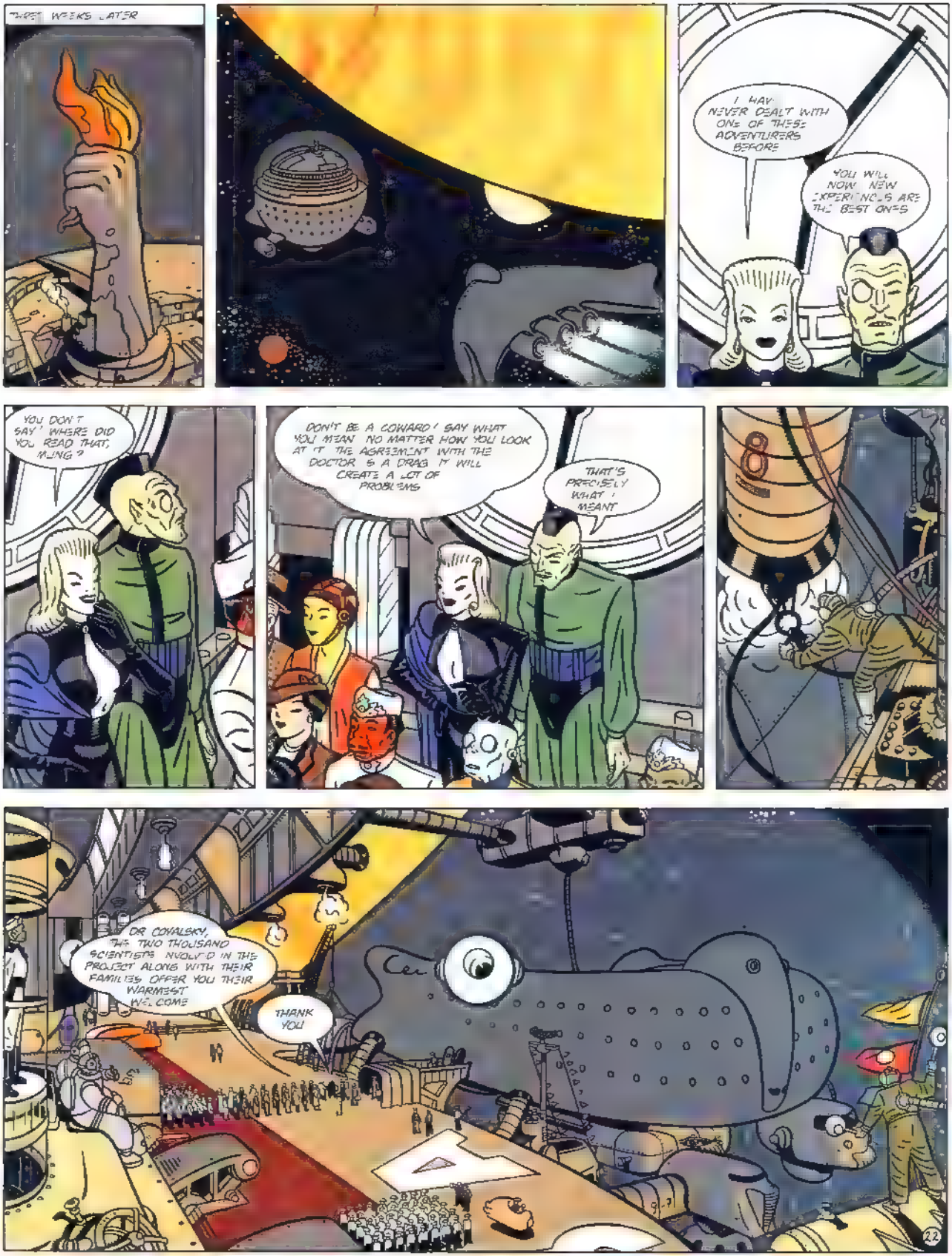

COMING FROM FAR AWAY TRITON, DR COVALSKY AND THE COSMIC KIDS HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN THE CITY OF EL CITRONIA IN THE FEDERAL DISTRICT
SMILE, EVERYBODY
AFTER A SHORT PERIOD OF REST HERE IN OUR CAPITAL, THEY WILL GO BACK TO EARTH
TAKING WITH THEM THE DRAWINGS AND MAPS THEY HAVE MADE OF NEPTUNE'S SATELLITE
AHHH! JILL!
11

ENLIGHTENED GENTLEMEN !
THE KNIGHTS OF LIGHT WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU AND SHINE TOGETHER WITH YOUR RESPLENDENCIES
YOU'LL NEVER KNOW WHETHER THIS WAS AN INVITATION OR A COMMAND
OR A COMMAND
KNOWLEDGE IS POWER
REMEMBER PIERRE, NO SHOP TALK !
18

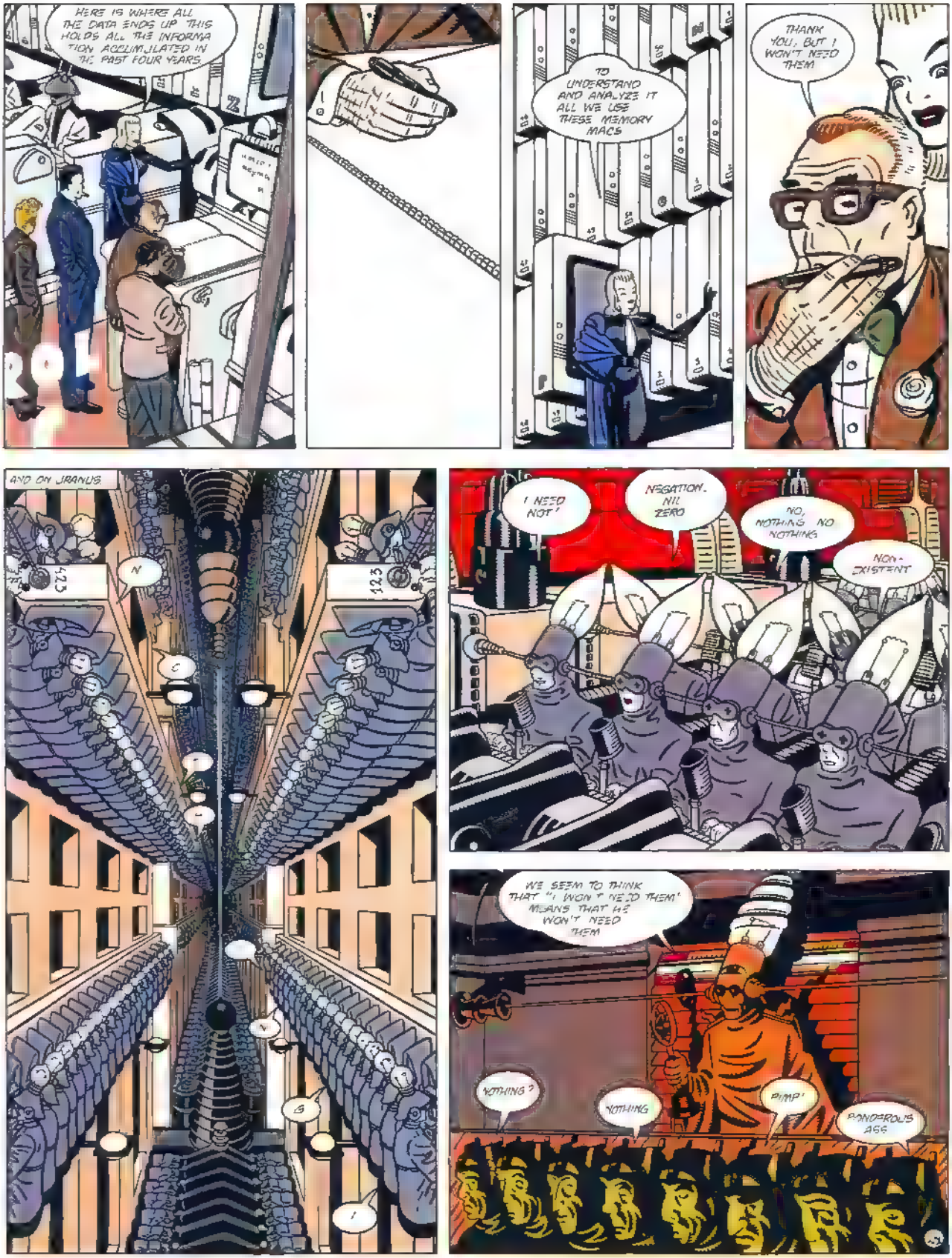
OR COVALSKY, WE'LL FEEL OUR ENERGY INCREASE BY JUST HAVING YOU, YOUR FAMILY AND YOUR COLLABORATORS HERE WITH US
AND WE ARE ALL HIGHLY HONORED, HOWEVER WE WONDER WHY THE LEADERS OF URANUS WOULD WANT TO CALL ON US INSIGNIFICANT EARTHLINGS?
GOODBYE, VACATION!
WE HAVE BEEN TOLD BY THE HEAD OF THE EPO
AND MAY HIS HALO BE EVER BRILLIANT
TO ASK YOU TO UNITE YOUR ENERGIES WITH OURS IN THE ATTAINMENT OF THE NEW SUN
ART, YOU ASKING US OR TELLING US?
DON'T BE GLIB, COVALSKY! YOU SEEM TO BE AS INSOLENT AS YOU WERE BEFORE THE WAR!
SCIENTISTS STILL REMEMBER YOUR EXCEPTIONAL FINDINGS ON PROPAXOL
BUT NOBODY EVER GOT TO KNOW HOW FAR YOU REALLY WENT WITH IT BECAUSE YOU DISAPPEARED AS SOON AS THE FIRST SHOT RANG OUT


WHAT ?
DID YOU HEAR THAT, ANN ?
LET'S GET DOWN TO BUSINESS, YOUR EXCELLENCIES. I'M AFRAID OTHERWISE, THAT WE WON'T SEE THIS VERY CLEARLY WHAT EXACTLY DOES THE SPO WANT FROM US ?
OKAY WE'LL ENLIGHTEN YOU
SCIENTISTS FROM ALL OVER THE COSMOS ARE WORKING ON A SOLAR SCIENCE PROJECT IN AN ASTEROID CALLED PROMETHEUS, WHICH ORBITS AROUND JUPITER
TYPICAL
THE FIRST STEP IS TO BUILD A SPACESHIP FUELED BY PROPAXOL AT THE END OF OUR EFFORTS LIES THE EXPLORATION OF THE COSMOS
AS A RESULT OF THIS DARK PERIOD OF WAR, MAN HAS BEEN ABLE TO INCREASE HIS SELF CONTROL, AND CAN NOW MOVE FORWARD, RESPLENDENT, TO BEGIN HIS CONQUEST OF NATURE
OKAY, OKAY YOU CAN TURN THE LIGHTS OFF HOW LONG HAVE THEY BEEN WORKING ON THIS PROJECT ?
WE HAVEN'T TOLD YOU YET
BUT IT'S BEEN FOUR YEARS SINCE PROMETHEUS WAS FIRST LIT UP
FOUR YEARS ! HA ! SO YOU'RE NOT JUST SUGGESTING WE COLLABORATE, YOU NEED OUR HELP !
DOCTOR ! SCIENCE BELONGS TO ALL OF US INDIVIDUAL ATTITUDES, WHEN THEY ARE NOT KEPT IN CHECK, ARE NOT CONDUCIVE TO OBJECTIVITY, AND THAT IS THE CAUSE OF
PLEASE CALM YOURSELF. OUR WORK IS NOT TO BE DISCLOSED AND WE ARE TO BE EXEMPT FROM THESE ASSEMBLY LINE METHODS. THESE ARE ONLY A FEW OF MY CONDITIONS.

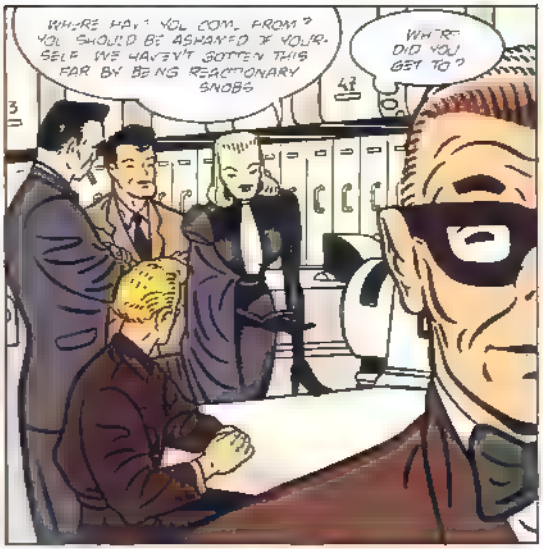
WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYMORE ! YOU CAN MAKE AN ARRANGEMENT DIRECTLY WITH THE SPO SOME OF THE MAIN PEOPLE ON THE PROJECT ARE WAITING FOR YOU ON A SHIP THAT WILL TAKE YOU TO PROMETHEUS
FOUR YEARS ! GUYS, LET'S SHOW THEM WHAT OUR ENERGETIC SPIRITS CAN DO ! AND THE APPLE'LL STUN POOR OLD NEWTON !
IS THIS THE RIGHT TIME ANN ?
YES, PIERRE, IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME AND NOBODY HAS HAD ANY SUCCESS
I'M ALL CONFUSED WAS THAT A RIDDLE ?
GOD BLESS NEWTON IT'S PROBABLY SOME WEIRD INCANTATION
THINK THEY'RE MAKING FUN OF US
WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT THAT CRAZY CONOLSKY WILL SOON FIND HIMSELF AT OUR MERCY
24

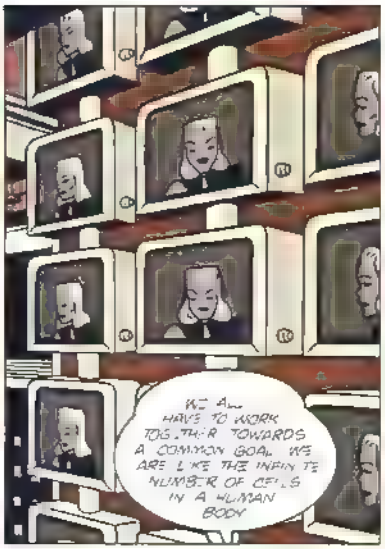

THREE WEEKS LATER
I HAV NEVER DEALT WITH ONE OF THESE ADVENTURERS BEFORE
YOU WILL NOW NEW EXPERIENCES ARE THE BEST ONES
YOU DON'T SAY! WHERE DID YOU READ THAT, KING?
DON'T BE A COWARD! SAY WHAT YOU MEAN NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT THE AGREEMENT WITH THE DOCTOR IS A DRAG IT WILL CREATE A LOT OF PROBLEMS
THAT'S PRECISELY WHAT I MEANT
DR COVALSKY, THE TWO THOUSAND SCIENTISTS INVOLVED IN THE PROJECT ALONG WITH THEIR FAMILIES OFFER YOU THEIR WARMEST WELCOME
THANK YOU
22

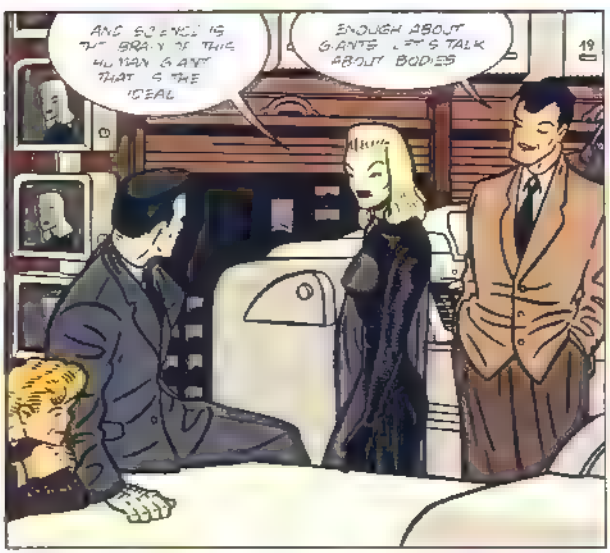
TONIGHT YOU WILL MEET THE DIRECTORS OF THE PROJECT
NOW I'LL LEAVE YOU IN THE CAPABLE HANDS OF ENGINEER TATIANA, WHO HAILS FROM URANUS, AND HER ASSISTANT WHO COMES FROM SATURN
MUNG WILL TAKE YOUR FAMILY TO THEIR NEW HOME
WHILE, FOLLOWING YOUR REQUEST WILL BRIEF YOU ON THE LATEST DEVELOPMENTS IN OUR WORK
35
WE HAVE A REQUEST TO ADD TO THAT
ERRR YES
ONCE THEY STOP CLOWNING AROUND, THEY'LL GO TO THE DATA CENTER FROM NOW ONWARDS ALL THE INFORMATION SENT TO US BY OUR AGENT REGARDING THE DOCTOR WILL HAVE TO BE ANALYZED FIRST BY THE "LABYRINTH"
JUST LIKE ALL THE THOUSANDS OF LITTLE STUPID REPORTS OUR AGENTS SEND US FROM ALL OVER THE SOLAR SYSTEM

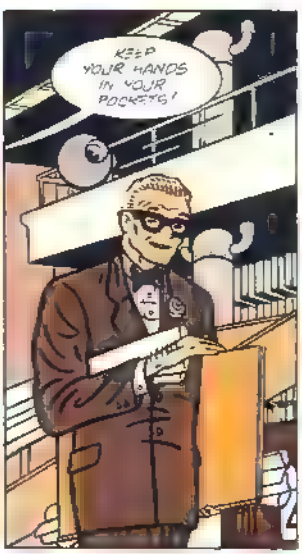

HERE IS WHERE ALL THE DATA ENDS UP. THIS HOLDS ALL THE INFORMATION ACCUMULATED IN THE PAST FOUR YEARS.
TO UNDERSTAND AND ANALYZE IT ALL WE USE THESE MEMORY MACS
THANK YOU, BUT I WON'T NEED THEM
AND ON URANUS
I NEED NOT'
NEGATION. NIL ZERO
NO, NOTHING NO NOTHING
NON-EXISTENT
WE SEEM TO THINK THAT "I WON'T NEED THEM" MEANS THAT HE WON'T NEED THEM
NOTHING?
NOTHING
PIMP'
DANGEROUS ASS

HATHAG?
THAT'S RIGHT YOU WOULDN'T KNOW WHAT THOSE WORDS MEAN

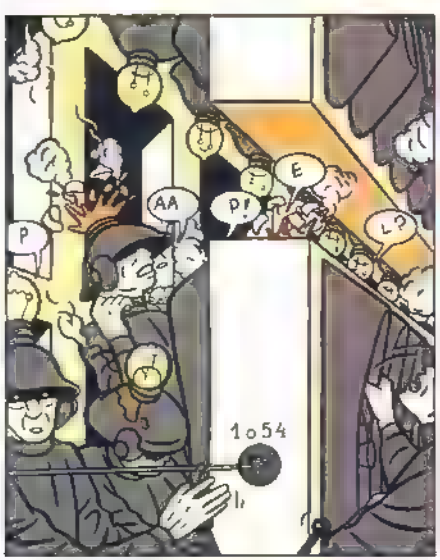

WHERE HAVE YOU COME FROM? YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF WE HAVEN'T GOTTEN THIS FAR BY BEING REACTIONARY SNOBS
WHERE DID YOU GET TO?


WE ALL HAVE TO WORK TOGETHER TOWARDS A COMMON GOAL WE ARE LIKE THE INFINITE NUMBER OF CELLS IN A HUMAN BODY


AND SO YOU'RE THE BRAIN OF THIS HUMAN GIANT THAT'S THE IDEAL
ENOUGH ABOUT GIANTS LET'S TALK ABOUT BODIES


KEEP YOUR HANDS IN YOUR POCKETS!

EXCUSE ME MIGGS WE'LL BE FINDING ONE THING PARTR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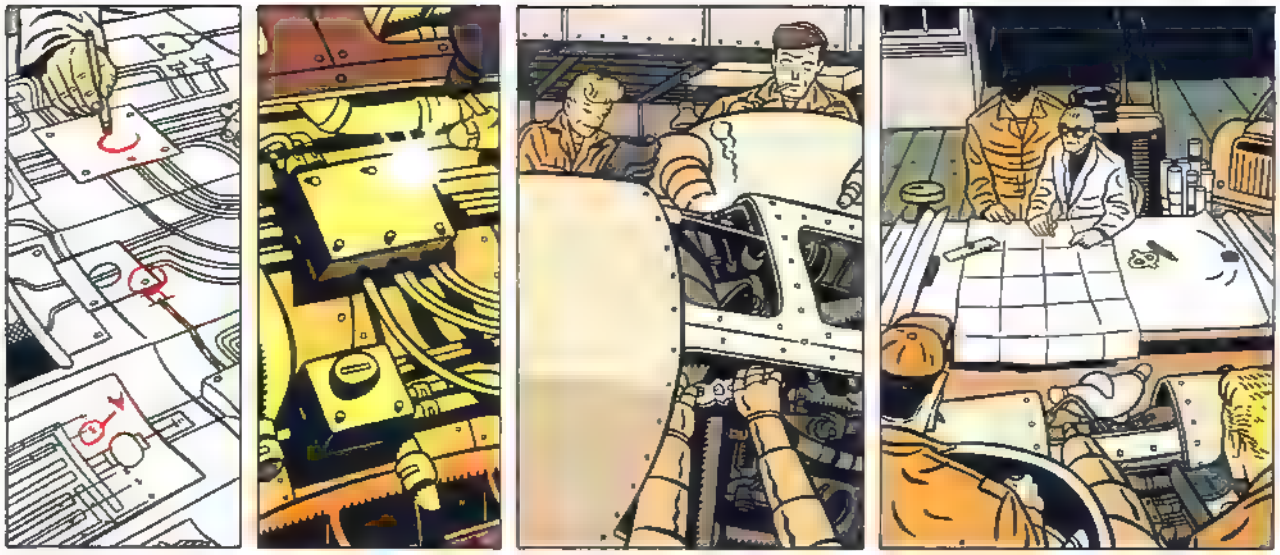
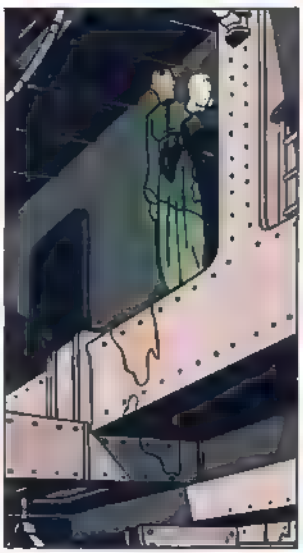
PRRAA PER

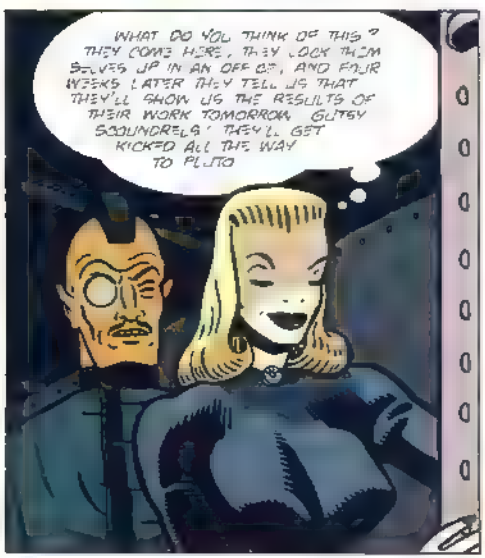
PAPEE RRR

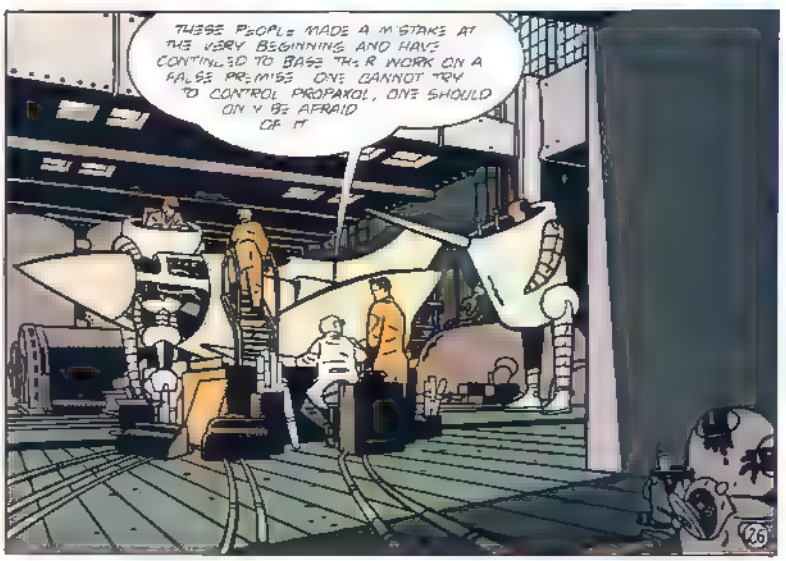


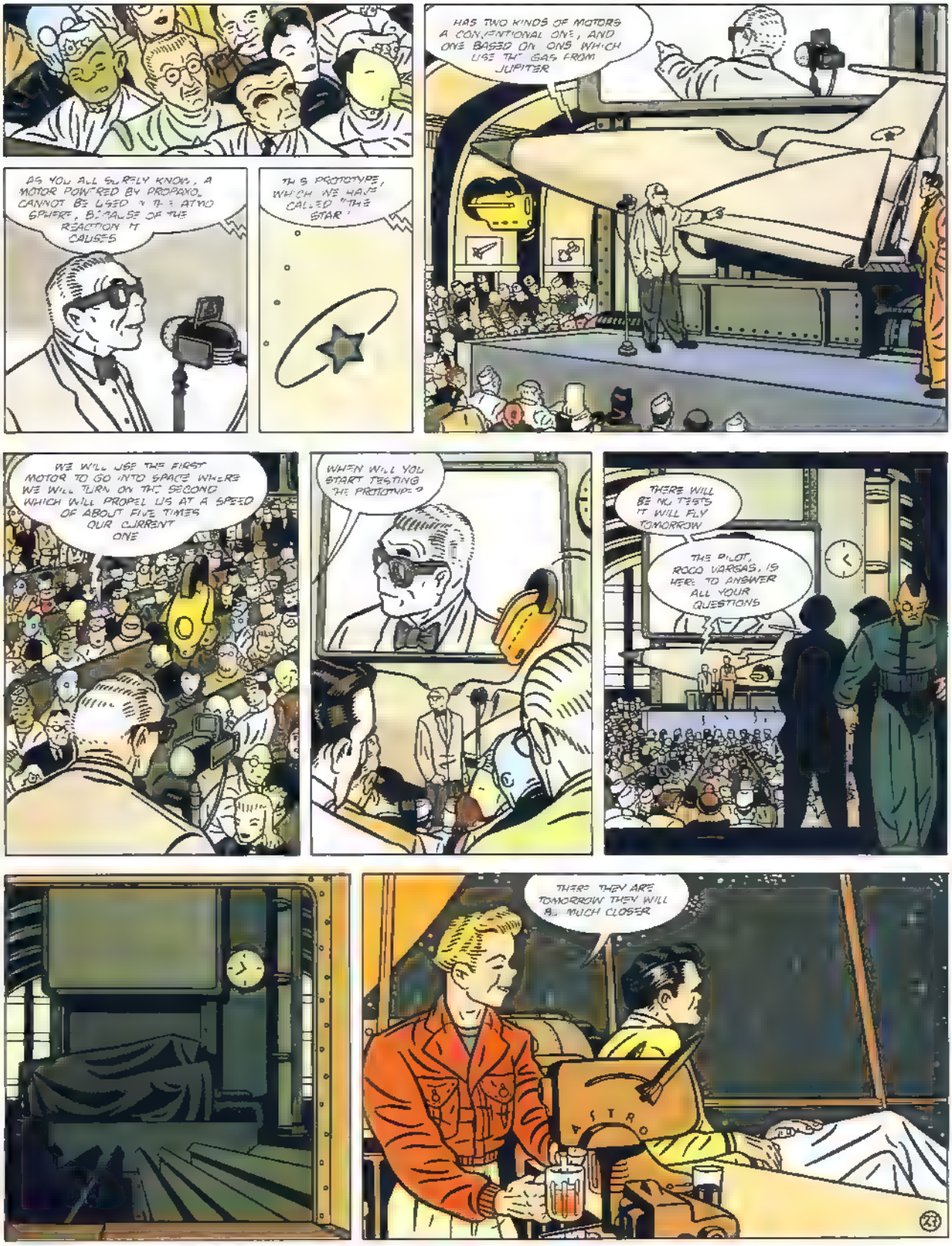
THEY'LL GET REALLY ANGRY IN A LITTLE WHILE
NO NOT ANGRY JUST NERVOUS WHAT THEY CAN'T SEE MAKES THEM ANXIOUS



ACCORDING TO THE LABYRINTH'S CALCULATIONS, THE EARTHLINGS CHANCES OF SUCCESS ARE ONE IN 13,0.3
JA HA
HIR HEEN
HIR HEEN!


WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS? THEY COME HERE, THEY LOCK THEMSELVES UP IN AN OFFICE, AND FOUR WEEKS LATER THEY TELL US THAT THEY'LL SHOW US THE RESULTS OF THEIR WORK TOMORROW. GUTSY SCOUNDRELS! THEY'LL GET KICKED ALL THE WAY TO PLUTO


THESE PEOPLE MADE A MISTAKE AT THE VERY BEGINNING AND HAVE CONTINUED TO BASE THEIR WORK ON A FALSE PREMISS. ONE CANNOT TRY TO CONTROL PROPAXOL, ONE SHOULD ONLY BE AFRAID OF IT

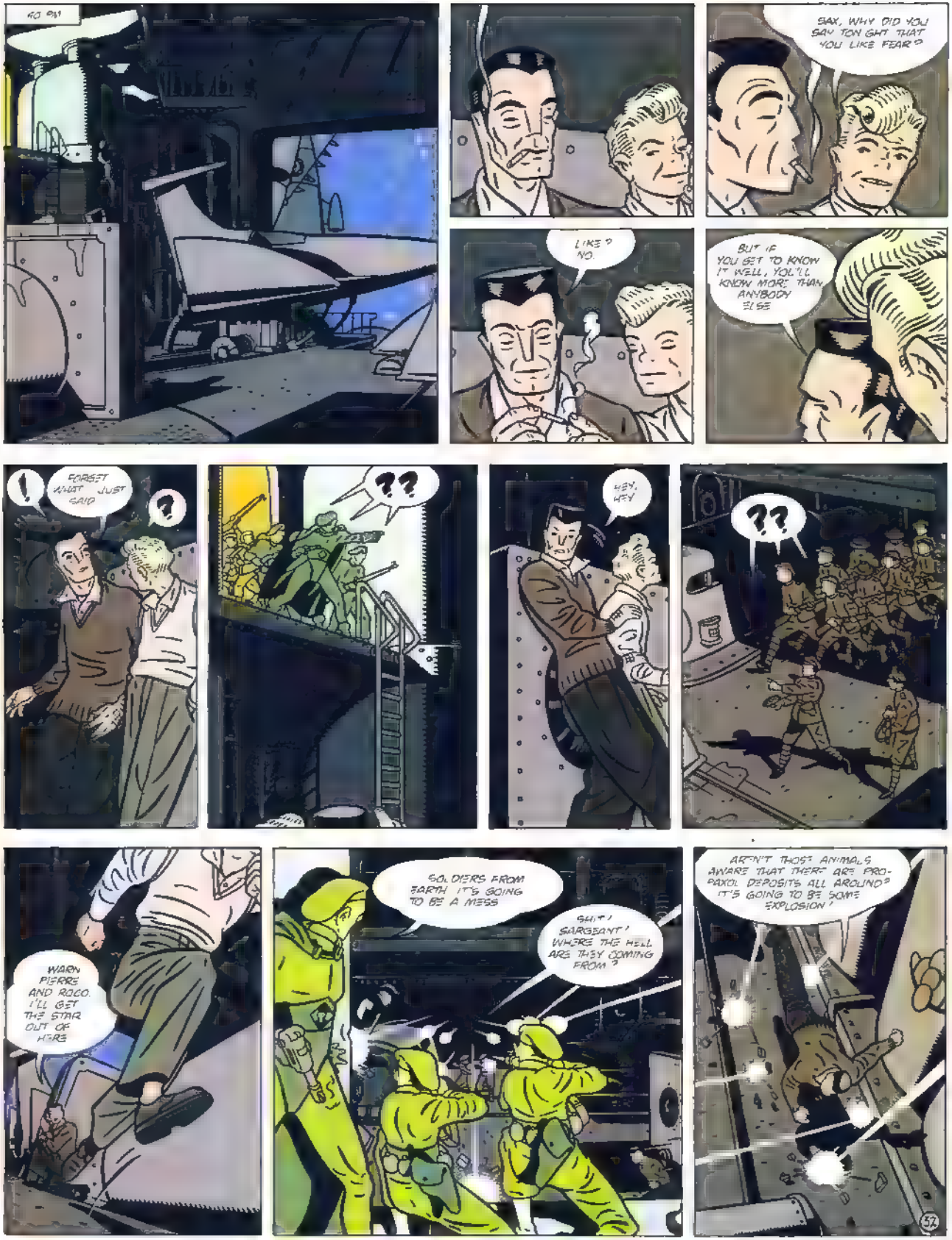

AS YOU ALL SURELY KNOW, A MOTOR POWERED BY PROPANO CANNOT BE USED IN THE ATMOSPHERE, BECAUSE OF THE REACTION IT CAUSES
THIS PROTOTYPE, WHICH WE HAVE CALLED "THE STAR"
HAS TWO KINDS OF MOTORS A CONVENTIONAL ONE, AND ONE BASED ON ONES WHICH USE THE GAS FROM JUPITER
WE WILL USE THE FIRST MOTOR TO GO INTO SPACE WHERE WE WILL TURN ON THE SECOND WHICH WILL PROPEL US AT A SPEED OF ABOUT FIVE TIMES OUR CURRENT ONE
WHEN WILL YOU START TESTING THE PROTOTYPE?
THERE WILL BE NO TESTS IT WILL FLY TOMORROW
THE PILOT, ROCO VARGAS, IS HERE TO ANSWER ALL YOUR QUESTIONS
THERE THEY ARE TOMORROW THEY WILL BE MUCH CLOSER
ASTRO

AND MUCH BIGGER
DON'T BE SUCH A CHILD WHEN HAVE WE EVER BEEN AFRAID, NO MATTER HOW BIG A MESS WE WERE IN?
LET'S SEE EVERY TIME WE'VE STOPPED TO THINK ABOUT IT
OKAY SO WE HAVE TWO BLOCK-HEADS AND A COWARD ON THIS MISSION
AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED, I'M REALLY STARTING TO ENJOY ALL THIS
NO MATTER HOW SERIOUS YOU WANT TO BE, TOMORROW THAT APPLE WILL CRUSH POOR OLD NEWTON ONCE AGAIN HA, HA!
HA! HA!
M 102
COME ON GUYS KEEP UNLOADING THOSE CAMERAS WE DON'T HAVE ALL NIGHT!
HEY, COLLEAGUE! WHERE DO YOU THINK THESE WISE MEN HIDE THEIR BAR?
PRESS
PRESS
78

APRIL 12TH, 1963 (E.C.), 8:15 AM
10:00 AM
10:25 AM
10:27 AM
TV
"THE "STAR" IS NOW TRAVELLING AT THE SPEED OF 4,000 KILOMETERS PER SECOND!!"
29

FOR EXAMPLE, THE JOURNEY FROM MARS TO EARTH WOULD ONLY TAKE ABOUT FIVE AND A HALF HOURS
A NEW DAWN HAS RISEN HERALDING THE DAY WHICH WILL SEE A COSMOS OPEN TO THE POWERFUL AND CREATIVE ENERGY OF MAN
FROM NOW ON HUMANITY WILL HAVE FULL POSSESSION OF ITS HERITAGE
12 00 PM
2 00 PM
4 00 PM
7 00 PM
11 25 PM
CRRI
YOU ? WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE IN THAT DISGUISE ? AND ARMED ?
30

THESE ARE MY CREDENTIALS THIS IS AN OFFICIAL VISIT
WHAT ARE YOU SAYING, KING? DON'T BE PARANOID
THIS IS THE DAY IN WHICH SATURN WILL FREE ITSELF FROM URANUS' STRANGLE AND IT IS GOING TO DO SO IN A VERY CONVINCING MANNER
WE ARE GOING TO STEAL THE "STAR" AND TAKE IT TO SATURN THERE WE WILL STUDY AND COPY ITS ENGINES AND AFTER SOME TIME HAS GONE BY, WE WILL CLAIM THEM AS OUR INVENTION
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!
OBVIOUSLY WE WILL HAVE TO DESTROY THIS ASTEROID IN ORDER TO LEAVE NO TRACES OR WITNESSES
GIVE ME THAT GUN
NOBODY WILL KNOW WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ONLY YOU KNOW MY GOVERNMENT'S PLANS
BUT YOU WILL BE AS SILENT AS A TOMB
TIP TIP TIP TIP
31


40 PM
SAX, WHY DID YOU SAY TONIGHT THAT YOU LIKE FEAR?
LIKE? NO.
BUT IF YOU GET TO KNOW IT WELL, YOU'LL KNOW MORE THAN ANYBODY ELSE
FORGET WHAT JUST SAID
??
??
HEY, HEY
WARN PIERRE AND ROCO. I'LL GET THE STAR OUT OF HERE
SOLDIERS FROM EARTH IT'S GOING TO BE A MESS
SHIT! SARGEANT! WHERE THE HELL ARE THEY COMING FROM?
AREN'T THOSE ANIMALS AWARE THAT THERE ARE PROPAXOL DEPOSITS ALL AROUND? IT'S GOING TO BE SOME EXPLOSION!
32

1:42 PM
BEFORE, THEY JUST USED TO WINK AT ME
BUT SINCE THIS MORNING, THEY SEEM TO BE SMILING INVITINGLY
AND THEY'LL WELCOME YOU WITH OPEN ARMS
HOWEVER, REMEMBER THAT YOU'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE THEY AREN'T LAUGHING AT YOU.
HEAVENS! I THOUGHT THAT ALL WEAPONS WERE FORBIDDEN ON THIS ASTEROID.
SURELY I CAN REASON WITH YOU, GENTLEMEN? JUST REMEMBER THAT IF YOUR COLLEAGUES SEE YOU HERE THEY WON'T LET YOU USE THEIR MICROSCOPES ANYMORE
DON'T BE FRESH, COVALSKY!
YOU'LL UNDERSTAND IT ALL SOON
33

EARTH DOESN'T WANT TO SHARE A DISCOVERY MADE BY ONE OF ITS SCIENTISTS WITH OTHER PLANETS
WE'RE AGAINST THAT
THIS IS THE MOMENT FOR OUR PLANET TO ASSUME A LEADING ROLE IN THE SPACE RACE IT'S TIME FOR US TO LEAVE THE OTHERS BEHIND AND ADVANCE AT A FASTER RATE
THIS IS THE TIME FOR US TO LOOK DOWN ON ALL THOSE BASTARDS WHO ARE TRYING TO FOLLOW IN OUR FOOTSTEPS
"THE CHOSEN" AM RIGHT? NO GENTLEMEN, NO DON'T BELIEVE IN THAT
CAREFUL YOU ARE TALKING LIKE A TRAITOR!
LISTEN, AFTER HAVING ELIMINATED THE PRESS AND BEFORE DESTROYING THE TRANSMITTER, WE TOOK POSSESSION OF THE PLANS FOR YOUR ENGINE, AND WE TRANSMITTED THEM DOWN TO EARTH NOW THEY ARE ASHES AND NOTHING WILL CHANGE THAT FACT
I'M SURE YOU'LL HAVE GUESSED BY NOW THAT THE ASTEROID HAS TO DISAPPEAR ALSO
OH, DON'T WORRY YOU WILL ALL COME WITH US ANYBODY WHO IS CAPABLE OF BUILDING THE STAR IN SUCH A SHORT TIME, WILL BE ABLE TO OFFER A LOT TO HIS MOTHER COUNTRY
YOU WILL HAVE TO EARN THIS IT WILL TAKE TIME AND TACT
AHA! I SEE THAT YOU KNOW WHAT MAKES A PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT
PIERRE ROCO! WHAT A SPECTACLE!

WHAT A SPECTACLE! I'VE COME FROM THE DOCKS PEOPLE ARE RUNNING AROUND LIKE LOONIES, BUT
UFF! WHAT A DISASTER! THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH SHIPS FOR EVERYBODY! THE ASTEROID IS FULL OF SOLDIERS FROM EARTH AND COMMANDOS FROM SATURN WHO ARE AT EACH OTHERS THROATS!
SATURN!! WE'VE BEEN BETRAYED!!!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN CREATIVE WHEN IT COMES TO CHEATING!
BUT WE ARE SUFFICIENT CAPTAIN, YOU HAVE TEN MINUTES TO GET ALL YOUR MEN TOGETHER BEFORE THE ASTEROID EXPLODES. I WILL BE WAITING FOR YOU ON THE BORAC SHIP
SEE YOU THEN
TO THE ELEVATOR

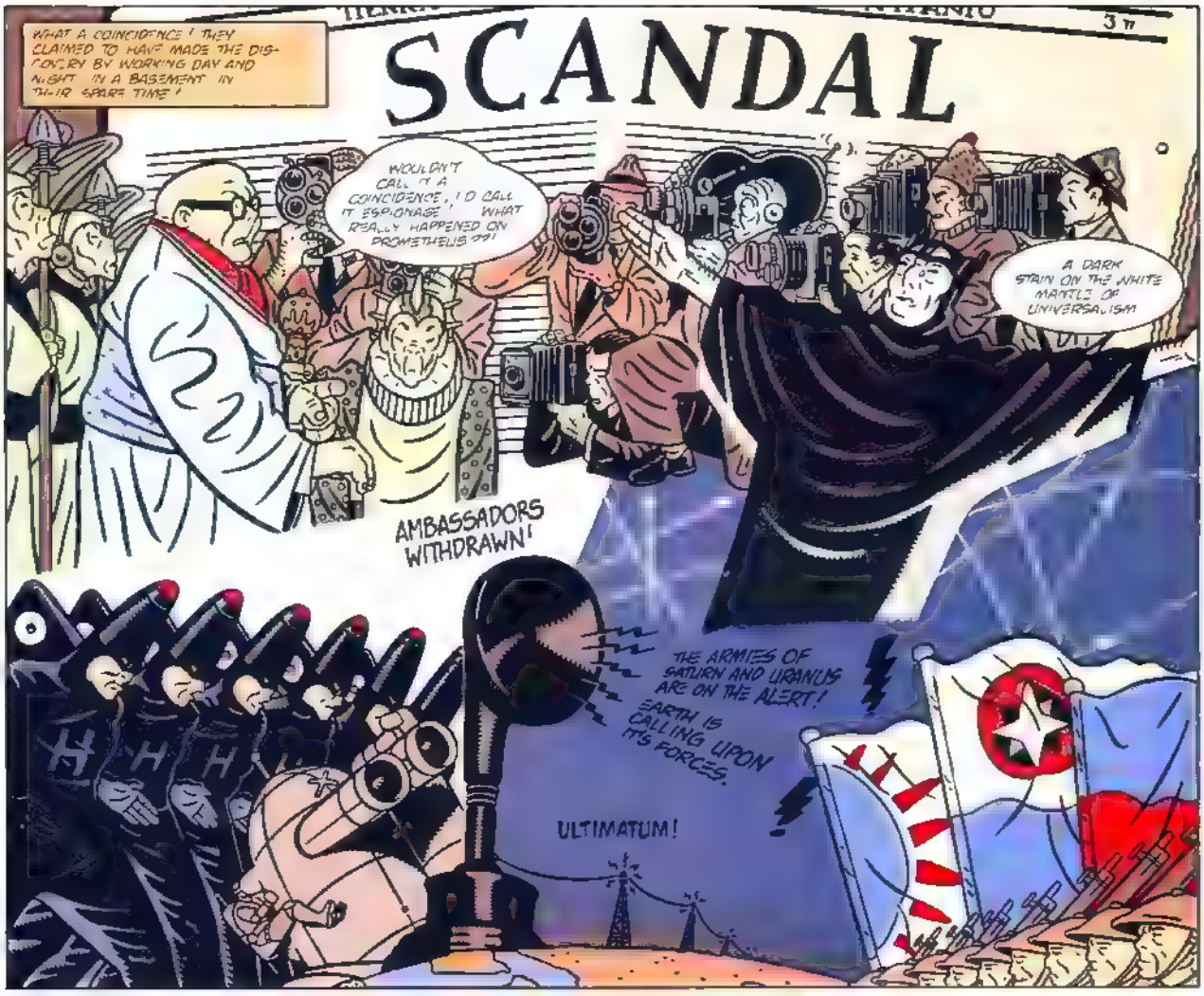
WHAT WERE YOU WAITING FOR? SPECIAL EFFECTS?
PROGRESS HAS NO MERCY!
AND NO TIME FOR INTEGRITY!
TO THE TRANSPORT!
HAAA! TREASON!!
36

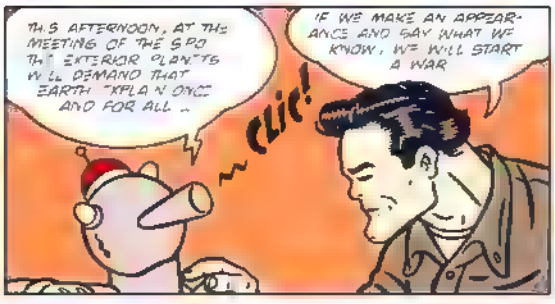
HEY! MING IS LEAVING AND I SEE SAKKON DOWN THERE WITH THE STAR UNDER CONTROL
I'VE ALWAYS THOUGHT THAT MERCURIAN WAS A PHONY, A TRAITOR
TAKE THE KID QUICK!
PIERRE PIERRE PIERRE! COME TO THE SHIP
33

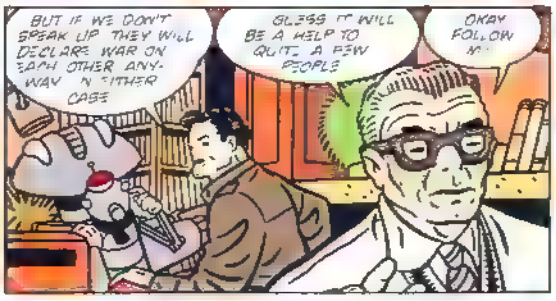
SAXXON, I'M TALKING TO YOU FROM THAT OLD TUB BEHIND YOU
I CAN HEAR YOU LISTEN & I'LL GIVE ME DIRECTIONS FOR LIFT OFF MY NAVIGATION INDICATOR IS IN A FUNNY MOOD
I THINK IT'S LAUGHING AT ME
NO SAXXON YOUR STARTING ENGINE IS ON FIRE
TELL HIM THAT A LIFT-OFF IN THOSE CONDITIONS IS SUICIDE

LOOK, SAXXON, WE'RE COMING TO GET YOU!
DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT. GET AWAY FROM THE BONFIRE
I'M EITHER GOING TO MAKE A HOLE IN THAT ORANGE EYE WHICH IS LOOKING AT US WITH SUCH COMPASSION, OR WE'LL SEE EACH OTHER ON EARTH
SO YOU'D BETTER MOVE YOUR ASS OR I'LL GET THERE BEF
2:00 AM

I DON'T REMEMBER HOW WE GOT HOME IT WAS SPRING, AND THE MOUNTAINS WERE FULL OF FLOWERS
BUT WITHOUT ANN AND SAXXON, CAMELOT HAD BECOME MUCH TOO BIG AND COLD FOR US
EVERYBODY WAS STUNNED BY THE "PROMETHEUS AFFAIR" THE PUBLIC RELATIONS SPECIALISTS IMMEDIATELY SAID IT WAS "AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT WITH NO SURVIVORS," AND PROCEEDED TO COVER UP THE MYSTERY THAT SURROUNDED IT WITH LOTS OF PRESS, DECORATIONS AND POSTHUMOUS HOMAGES
OF COURSE, THERE WERE THOUSANDS OF OBEDIENT BELIEVERS AND THE EPISODE WOULD HAVE BEEN REMEMBERED ONLY IN A FEW FILMS, HAD EARTH NOT DECIDED TO PLAY ITS TRUMP CARD AFTER WHAT SEEMED LIKE A VERY SHORT TIME
AFTER A LENGTHY SECRET RESEARCH, WHICH SEEMS TO HAVE COINCIDED WITH THAT OF OUR HERO, THE LATE DR COVALSKY, WE HAVE DEVELOPED A PROPANOL ENGINE!

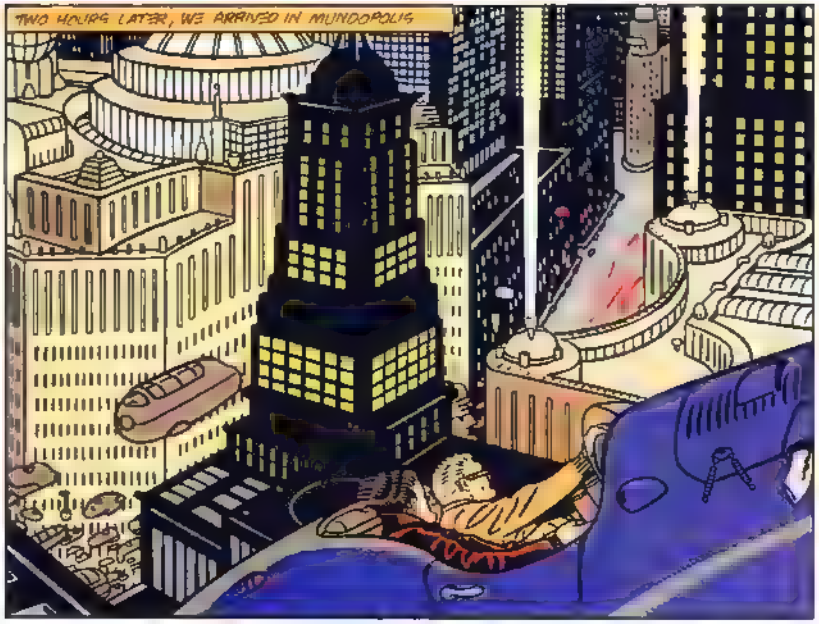

WHAT A COINCIDENCE ! THEY CLAIMED TO HAVE MADE THE DISCOVERY BY WORKING DAY AND NIGHT IN A BASEMENT IN THEIR SPARE TIME !
SCANDAL
3 11
WOULDN'T CALL IT A COINCIDENCE, I'D CALL IT ESPIONAGE ! WHAT REALLY HAPPENED ON PROMETHEUS 9 !
A DARK STAIN ON THE WHITE MANTLE OF UNIVERSALISM
AMBASSADORS WITHDRAWN!
THE ARMIES OF SATURN AND URANUS ARE ON THE ALERT!
EARTH IS CALLING UPON ITS FORCES.
ULTIMATUM!

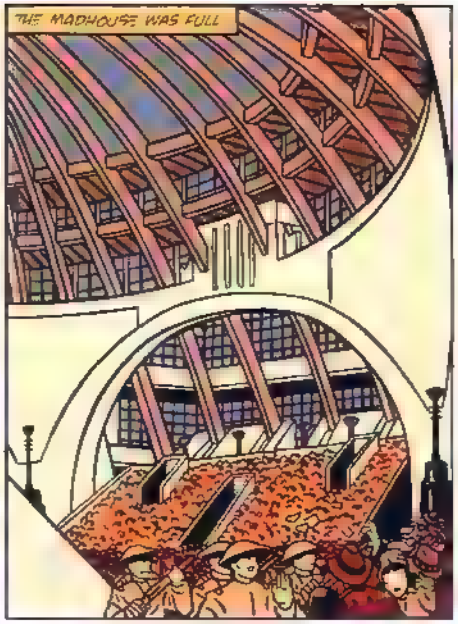

THIS AFTERNOON, AT THE MEETING OF THE SPO THE EXTERIOR PLANETS WILL DEMAND THAT EARTH "XPLO N ONCE AND FOR ALL ..
IF WE MAKE AN APPEARANCE AND SAY WHAT WE KNOW, WE WILL START A WAR
Clic!


BUT IF WE DON'T SPEAK UP THEY WILL DECLARE WAR ON EACH OTHER ANY-WAY N EITHER CASE
GUESS IT WILL BE A HELP TO QUIT, A FEW PEOPLE
OKAY FOLLOW M

PICK UP ALL THOSE ROLLS

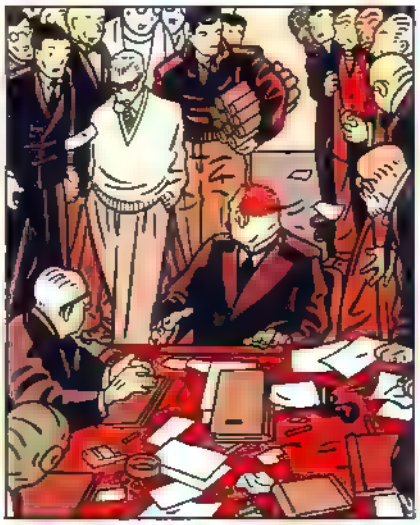
41


TWO HOURS LATER, WE ARRIVED IN MUNDOPOLIS

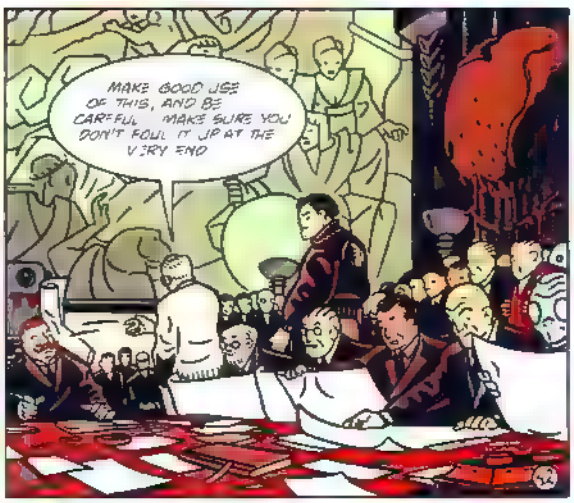

THE MADHOUSE WAS FULL

G!a
OH!
M
E
N!

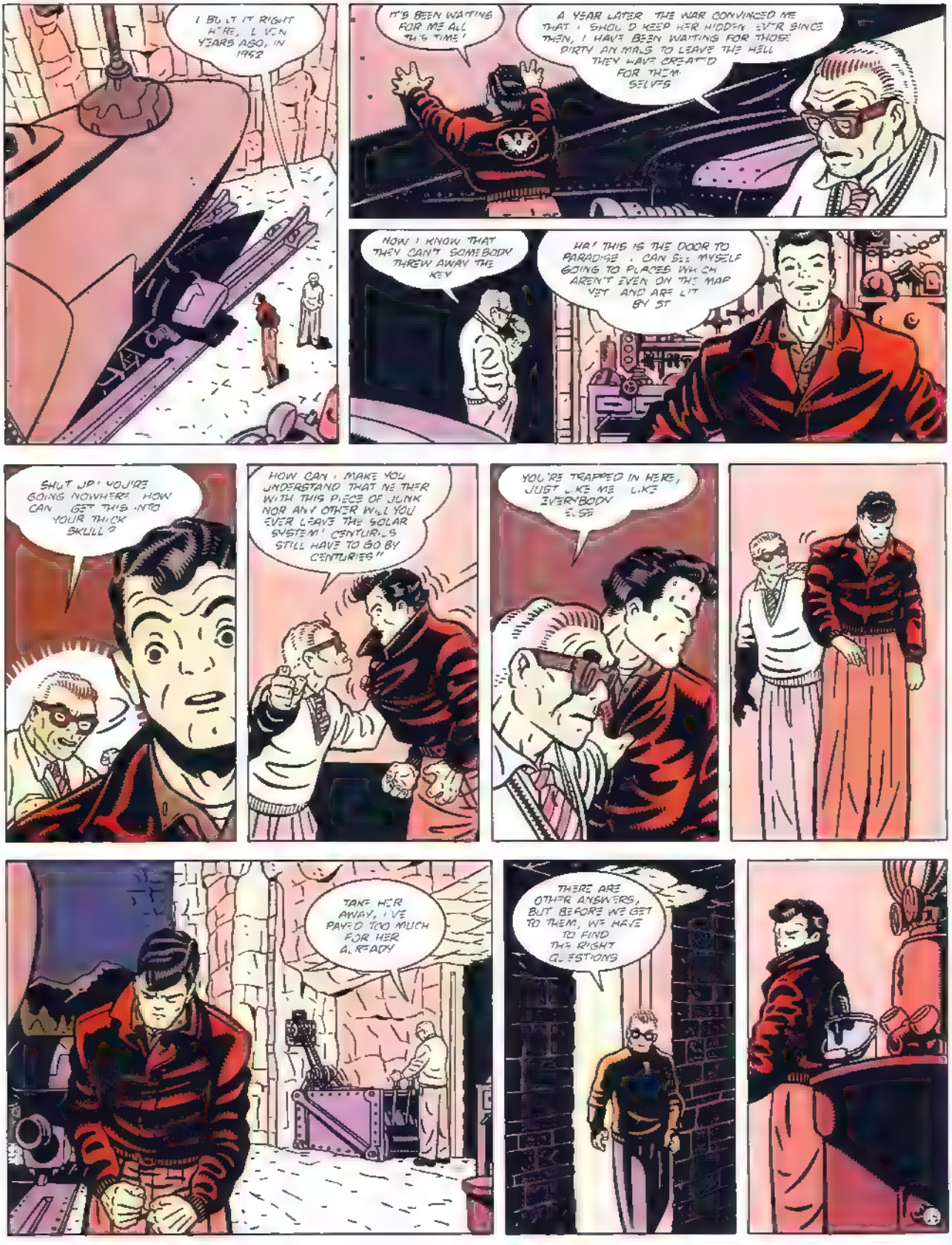
COVALSKY AND VARGAS ALIVE!!!

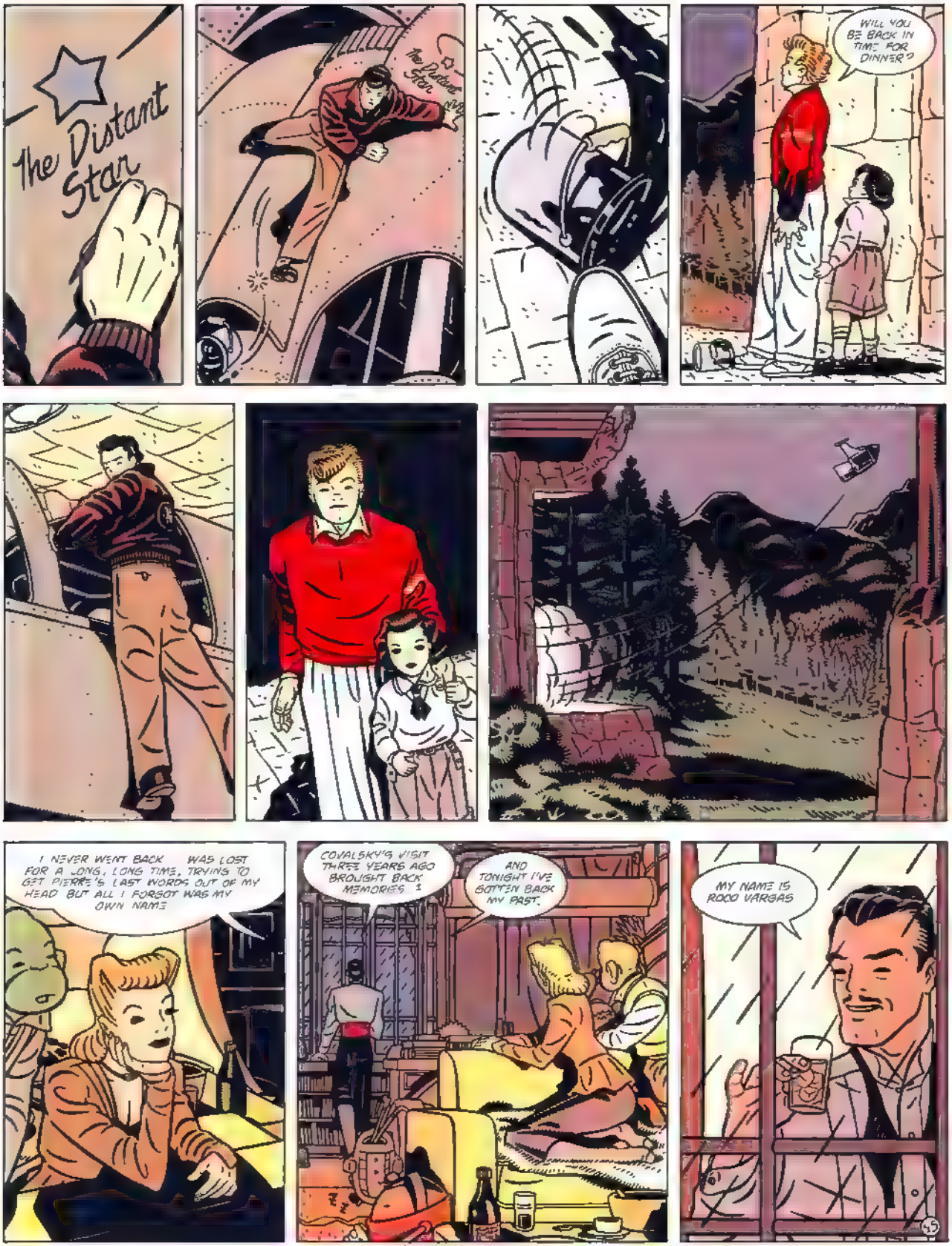


H-RE, GENTLEMEN, IS A GIFT FROM SOMEONE WHO ADMIRES YOU VERY MUCH

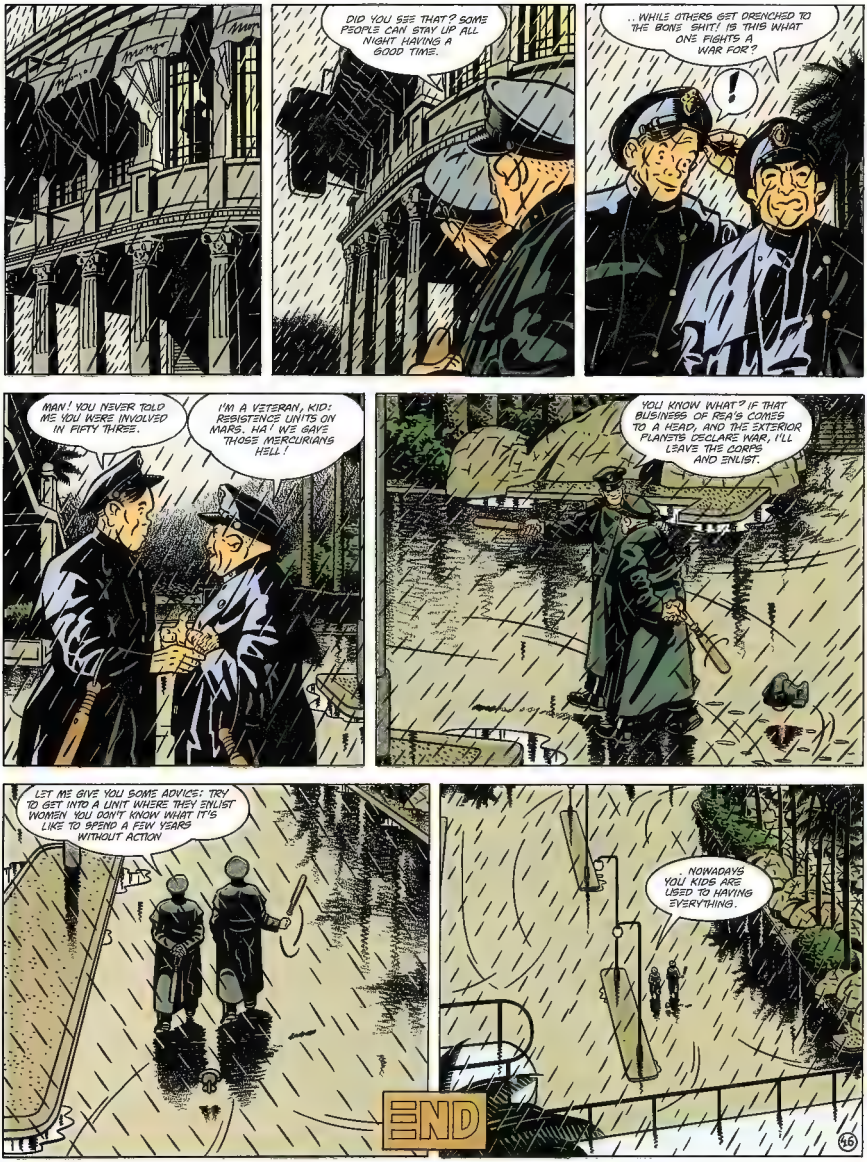

MAKE GOOD USE OF THIS, AND BE CAREFUL, MAKE SURE YOU DON'T FOUL IT UP AT THE VERY END

...AND WITH THOSE VERY WORDS THEY LEFT THE HOUSE AND DISAPPEARED, LEAVING THE ASSEMBLY IN A STATE OF COMPLETE ASTONISHMENT.
THIS NEW SITUATION POSES MANY QUESTIONS TO WHICH ANSWERS MUST BE FOUND; HOWEVER, EVERYBODY AGREES THAT BY SHARING THE PLANS FOR HIS PROPAXOL ENGINE WITH ALL THE INTERPLANETARY AMBASSADORS, COVALSKY HAS PRESENTED A DISASTROUS TRAGEDY
IT'S MY TURN TO FALL FROM THE SKY! WHERE THE HELL DID YOU FIND THOSE PLANS?
FOLLOW ME
THE CENTER FOR ASTROPHYSICS. THE PLANETARIUM ... DO YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT WE MET?
I SEE IT AS IF IT WERE HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!
I HAD GONE THERE TO PUT A LAST CARGO OF PROPAXOL IN...
HER!
BY JOVE! BUT IT'S JUST LIKE... WHEN DID YOU ?
43


I BUILT IT RIGHT HERE, LOOK YEARS AGO, IN 1952
IT'S BEEN WAITING FOR ME ALL THIS TIME!
A YEAR LATER THE WAR CONVINCED ME THAT I SHOULD KEEP HER HIDDEN EVER SINCE THEN, I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR THOSE DIRTY ANIMALS TO LEAVE THE HELL THEY HAVE CREATED FOR THEMSELVES
NOW I KNOW THAT THEY CAN'T SOMEBODY THREW AWAY THE KEY
HA! THIS IS THE DOOR TO PARADISE. CAN SEE MYSELF GOING TO PLACES WHICH AREN'T EVEN ON THE MAP YET AND ARE LIT BY ST
SHUT UP! YOU'RE GOING NOWHERE. HOW CAN GET THIS INTO YOUR THICK SKULL?
HOW CAN I MAKE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT NEITHER WITH THIS PIECE OF JUNK NOR ANY OTHER WILL YOU EVER LEAVE THE SOLAR SYSTEM! CENTURIES STILL HAVE TO GO BY CENTURIES"
YOU'RE TRAPPED IN HERE, JUST LIKE ME LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE
TAKE HER AWAY, I'VE PAYED TOO MUCH FOR HER ALREADY
THERE ARE OTHER ANSWERS, BUT BEFORE WE GET TO THEM, WE HAVE TO FIND THE RIGHT QUESTIONS


The Distant Star
The Distant Star
WILL YOU BE BACK IN TIME FOR DINNER?
I NEVER WENT BACK. I WAS LOST FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, TRYING TO GET PIERRE'S LAST WORDS OUT OF MY HEAD BUT ALL I FORGOT WAS MY OWN NAME
COVALSKY'S VISIT THREE YEARS AGO BROUGHT BACK MEMORIES.[1]
AND TONIGHT I'VE GOTTEN BACK MY PAST.
MY NAME IS ROCO VARGAS
45

[1] SEE TRITON, HEAVY METAL


DID YOU SEE THAT? SOME PEOPLE CAN STAY UP ALL NIGHT HAVING A GOOD TIME.
.. WHILE OTHERS GET DRENCHED TO THE BONE SHIT! IS THIS WHAT ONE FIGHTS A WAR FOR?
!
MAN! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU WERE INVOLVED IN FIFTY THREE.
I'M A VETERAN, KID: RESISTENCE UNITS ON MARS. HA! WE GAVE THOSE MERCURIANS HELL!
YOU KNOW WHAT? IF THAT BUSINESS OF REA'S COMES TO A HEAD, AND THE EXTERIOR PLANETS DECLARE WAR, I'LL LEAVE THE CORPS AND ENLIST.
LET ME GIVE YOU SOME ADVICE: TRY TO GET INTO A UNIT WHERE THEY ENLIST WOMEN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO SPEND A FEW YEARS WITHOUT ACTION
.. NOWADAYS YOU KIDS ARE USED TO HAVING EVERYTHING.
END
46

HEAVY METAL

$3.00 EACH

- ☐ **JANUARY 1983 /** Milo Manara, and Corben
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1983 /** The making of *The Entity* and Kim Deitch's "Eating Raoul"
- ☐ **MARCH 1983 /** Robert Williams Milo Manara, and Corben
- ☐ **APRIL 1983 /** Guido Crepax, Kaluta, and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1983 /** Corben, and Crepax
- ☐ **JULY 1983 /** Gaetano Liberatore's "Ranxerox" premiers!
- ☐ **AUGUST 1983 /** Arno & Jodorowsky, and Captain Beefheart interviewed!
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1983 /** Interview with Francis Ford Coppola, and Rowena Morrill
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1983 /** Timothy Leary, Bilal, and Pepe Moreno
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1983 /** Interview with Will Eisner, and Crepax's "Valentina"
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1983 /** "Ranxerox"'s Liberatore interviewed
- ☐ **JANUARY 1984 /** Arthur C Clarke's *The Sentinel* and "Ranxerox"
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1984 /** Douglas Trumbull, Moebius, and "Vampire Memoirs"
- ☐ **MARCH 1984 /** Douglas Adams, Angus McKie and Charles Burns
- ☐ **APRIL 1984 /** Roger Corman interviewed, Joe Kubert, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **MAY 1984 /** Schuiten, "Ranxerox," and Moebius
- ☐ **JUNE 1984 /** *Liquid Sky*'s Slava Tsukerman, Frank Thorne, and Bilal
- ☐ **JULY 1984 /** John Cleese interviewed, and Jeronaton
- ☐ **AUGUST 1984 /** Paul Kantner, Starship Captain and Jeronaton
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1984 /** Second Annual Music Video Awards, and David Cronenberg interviewed
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1984 /** John Sayles interviewed, Caza, and Bilal
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1984 /** John Waters interviewed, Paul Kirchner, and Schuiten
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1984 /** Federico Fellini interviewed, Milo Manara, and Boris Vallejo
- ☐ **JANUARY 1985 /** Liberatore, Bertotti's "Marlowskitz," and Daniel Torres
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1985 /** Jack Davis interviewed, Russell Mulcahy, and Torres
- ☐ **MARCH 1985 /** Moreno's "Rebel," Bilal & Christin, and Schuiten
- ☐ **APRIL 1985 /** Eighth anniversary issue! Moreno Corben, and Swarte
- ☐ **MAY 1985 /** Liberatore cover, Corben, and Manara
- ☐ **JUNE 1985 /** Charles Burns, Massimo Ghini, and Herriberto
- ☐ **JULY 1985 /** George Miller interviewed, Olivia, and Sesar
- ☐ **AUGUST 1985 /** Frank Frazetta interviewed, Juan Gimenez, and Torres
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1985 /** Hildebrandt cover, "Rock Opera," Yves Chaland
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1985 /** Olivia, Brian Aldiss and Jodorowsky & Cadelo
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1985 /** Boris Vallejo, Paul Kirchner and John Findley
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1985 /** Last of the monthly issues Caza Swarte and Kerkegaard

$4.00 EACH

- ☐ **MARCH 1980 /** Schuiten's "Crevasse," Corben, and Lee Marrs
- ☐ **MAY 1980 /** Jeronaton's "Champakou"
- ☐ **AUGUST 1980 /** Bilal & Christin, interview with Moebius and more
- ☐ **APRIL 1981 /** Juan Gimenez, Corben, and Harry North
- ☐ **MAY 1981 /** William S Burroughs on immortality
- ☐ **JUNE 1981 /** Corben speaks in a candid interview
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1981 /** Jeronaton, Jeff Jones, Leo & Diane Dillon
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1981 /** Blondie & Giger, Corben, and Tex Arcana
- ☐ **JANUARY 1982 /** Chaykin, Simonson, and Jim Steranko
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1982 /** Moebius's John Difool and Jeff Jones
- ☐ **MARCH 1982 /** Special rock issue
- ☐ **APRIL 1982 /** Fifth anniversary issue featuring J G Ballard
- ☐ **MAY 1982 /** De es Schwertberger and David Black's "Third Sexual Revolution"
- ☐ **JUNE 1982 /** R Crumb, Voss, and Caza
- ☐ **JULY 1982 /** Marcele and Lacome's "Life at the Circus"
- ☐ **AUGUST 1982 /** Berni Wrightson's "Freak Show"
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1982 /** Bilal, and Rod Kierkegaard, Jr
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1982 /** Special horror issue - featuring Edgar Allan Poe
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1982 /** Mike Kaluta's "Starstruck," and Wrightson's *NatLamp*'s *Class Reunion*
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1982 /** Art Suydam's "Mudwog," and Corben

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- ☐ **MAY 1977 /** Russian astronauts, and rock festivals
- ☐ **JULY 1977 /** Moebius's "Arzach," and "The Long Tomorrow"
- ☐ **AUGUST 1977 /** Ed Davis's "World Apart," and Corben
- ☐ **SEPTEMBER 1977 /** Roger Zelazny and Corben
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1977 /** Theodore Sturgeon, and Moebius
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1977 /** Harlan Ellison, and Moebius
- ☐ **DECEMBER 1977 /** Druillet's "Vuzz," and Howard Chaykin's "Fortune's Fool"
- ☐ **JANUARY 1978 /** Roger Zelazny, and Gray Morrow
- ☐ **FEBRUARY 1978 /** Forest's "Barbarella," and Moebius
- ☐ **MARCH 1978 /** Gray Morrow's "Orion," and Corben's "Den"
- ☐ **APRIL 1978 /** First anniversary issue
- ☐ **MAY 1978 /** Philippe Druillet, and Alex Nino
- ☐ **JUNE 1978 /** Corben's "Arabian Nights," and Sturgeon's *More Than Human*
- ☐ **JULY 1978 /** Voss's "Heilman" and Druillet's "Gail"
- ☐ **MARCH 1979 /** H.P. Lovecraft special section
- ☐ **AUGUST 1979 /** Arthur Suydam, Caza, and Val Mayerik
- ☐ **OCTOBER 1979 /** Angus McKie, Moebius, and Corben
- ☐ **NOVEMBER 1979 /** Corben, Bodé, and Frank Brunner

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- ☐ **SPRING 1986 /** 112 pages / Moebius, Bob Deum and Vink $4 50
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- ☐ **FALL 1986/**112 pages Bilal, Gimenez, Ortiz, Kierkegaard and others
- ☐ **WINTER 1987 /** Greg Hildebrandt cover, Daniel Torres, and Miguel Angel Prado
- ☐ **SPRING 1987 /** Juan Gimenez's apocalyptic "Garbage," Daniel Torres and others

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SU87

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COUNTESS MEZZANTI-MALESE IS VISITING SILLAVENGO. HE HAS ORGANIZED A HOUSE WARMING PARTY TO INAUGURATE HIS NEW VILLA--AN ORIGINAL DESIGN--WHICH HE HOPES WILL BECOME HIS MAIN AFRICAN RESIDENCE. THE NIGHT HOWEVER HAS TRAGIC OVERTONES: THE COUNTESS HAS LOST HER INFINITELY PRECIOUS MIKOMOTO PEARL RING!
I WILL TELL BESCIR TO LOOK FOR IT EVERYWHERE, MY LOVELY.
THIS WOMAN REMINDS ME OF A VERY DANGEROUS ACQUAINTANCE OF MINE... NADIA?*
*A RUSSIAN SPY WHO LEFT OUR SILLO UNDER VERY SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES AND BROKE HIS HEART!

SILLAVENGO
MY DEAR COUNTESS, YOUR VISIT HAS BRIGHTENED THIS OTHERWISE TRAGIC DAY!
CAPTAIN, ARE YOU TRYING TO FLATTER ME? COME, PLEASE SHOW ME YOUR SPIDER COLLECTION.
WHAT? YOU KNOW ABOUT MY COLLECTION?
MEANWHILE, BESCIR...
MILINA, MY LOVE!
CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN! CAPTAIN!
SARGEANT FRASSICO COMES RUNNING IN.
ALARM! THE BIDURI TRIBE HAS DECLARED WAR ON US!

THE COUNTESS SMIRKS: A STRANGE, FRANCO-RUSSIAN SMIRK.
GENTLEMEN, PLEASE REMAIN CALM. LET US ALL GATHER IN THE GARDEN!
SILLO, HOW MANY DRINKS DID YOU HAVE TONIGHT?
SOLDIERS, I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT MY ORDERS DO NOT TELL ME TO GO TO THE DUNES OF DIREDAVA. I COULD WAIT.
BUT I KNOW WHAT YOU WILL ASK ME TO DO!
TO DIREDAVA!!
I CANNOT COME WITH YOU, CAPTAIN.

WHAT BESCIR, YOU'RE LEAVING ME AT A TIME LIKE THIS?
CAPTAIN, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL YOU, BUT I GOT MARRIED IN DIREDAWA LAST FRIDAY TO MY ONE AND ONLY LOVE, MILINA IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL PARTY.
MILINA, THE ONLY DAUGHTER OF MOSSER-NAGU, CHIEF OF THE BIDURI TRIBE?
BUT BESCIR, DO YOU REALIZE THAT WE ARE GOING TO WAR NOW TO TRY TO COOL OFF THAT HOTHEAD??!
A QUESTION THAT SHALL REMAIN UNANSWERED, DEAR SILLO!
SHIT! I WANT TO TELL THE GENERAL ABOUT THIS. THIS IS NOT MY KIND OF LIFE; MUCH TOO UNCOMFORTABLE. OH, HOW I HATE BEING AT THE FRONT.
BESCIR WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?

MEANWHILE, AT THE MOSSER-NAGU RESIDENCE, MIUNA IS HAVING A HARD TIME.
WHY THE HELL DID YOU DO THAT? NOW THAT YOU ARE BEGIRI'S WIFE, I HAVE TO KILL YOU!
BUT FATHER, HE GAVE ME THIS!
HEAVENS! THIS IS MIKIMOTO'S MAGIC AMULET! I CANNOT KILL YOU NOW, OR I WILL INCUR IN THE GOD'S FEARFUL WRATH!
OH, WHAT A MESS! YOU, PAOLO NIMUK, MY FAITHFUL WARRIOR, RUN TO THE BATTLEFIELD AND STOP THIS WAR.

HMMM, THAT COUNTESS MALESE IS SOMEWHAT OF A MYSTERY SOMEWHAT OF A MYSTERY SHE KNOWS MY FRIEND SOLERI, BUT EVEN THEN HOW COULD SHE KNOW ABOUT MY SPIDER COLLECTION? I DON'T THINK I EVER TOLD HIM ABOUT IT BACK IN '28, I ONLY REMEMBER THAT....
SILLY, SILLY SILLO!
RIGHT, IT
WAS IN '28...
SILLO DARLING, I KNOW THAT ONE DAY YOU WILL BE REALLY FAMOUS, AND THEN I WILL MARRY YOU. I'M SURE YOU WILL WANT THAT TOO, RIGHT?
OH GOD, WHY AM I SO DISTRAUGHT. I DON'T KNOW WHERE I AM AND WHERE IS NADIA IN ALL THIS..
HA, HA, HA, BANG ...WHERE, BANG, BANG, IS SHE BANG.
PAOLO!

PAOLO?
SARGEANT PAOLO AT YOUR SERVICE, SIR!
ALL MEN AT THEIR POSTS! PAOLO, AT THEIR POSTS!
WARRIORS, STOP! THE MAHDI HAS SURRENDERED!
PAOLO NYMUK SAVES THE DAY!
REF. PAOLO UCCELLO
AN AIRPLANE FLIES OVER THE BATTLEFIELD
WAOOM
IT'S NADIA!
HE ACTED LESS STUPIDLY THAN I THOUGHT HE WOULD. HE MUST HAVE KNOWN THAT MOSSER-NAGU WORSHIPS THAT STUPID PEARL. SHIT!

THE COUNTESS MALESE IS NONE OTHER THAN NADIA, I KNEW SOMETHING WAS FISHY!
SHE INCITED THE PEOPLE TO REBELLION BECAUSE SHE WAS HOPING TO SUBMIT MOSSER-NASU WITH THE PEARL.
BESCIR APPEARS, OUT OF NOWHERE
GOOD OLD BESCIR, YOUR LUCK IS STILL WITH YOU.
THE MIKIMOTO PEARL IS IN GOOD HANDS!
JUST FOR THE MOMENT, MIUNA.
JUST FOR A MOMENT, SILLO.
MASSIMO ISA GHINI
LOOKING UP AT THE DARKNESS, UNDER THE STARS, IN THE GLACIAL LIGHT OF THE MILKY WAY, ONE WONDERS WHAT OUR HERO'S DESTINY HAS IN STORE FOR HIM
THE END

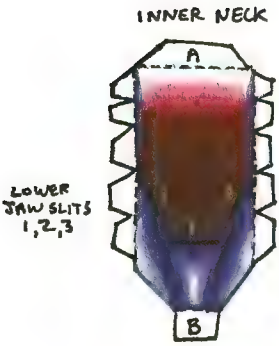
PHFMEH

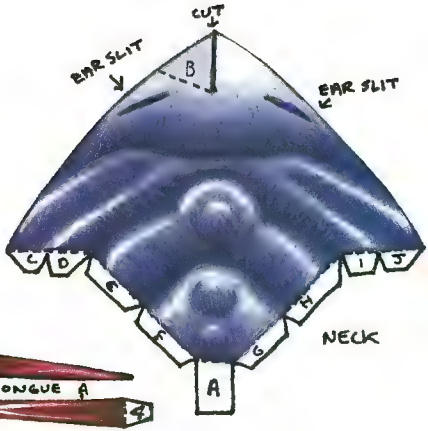
The Reader Eater

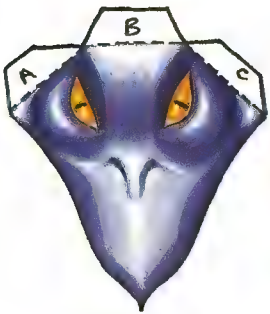
Attention, earthlings! We the elders of the planet Phfmegma Alpha have tolerated the slurs that your pitiful publication has been spewing out into the universe for the past ten of your years. We have waited patiently for you to evolve and develop a higher degree of sensitivity to the feelings of those of us on other planets. But you have not changed. You still stereotype our women as space sluts and our men as bloodthirsty warrior aliens. So, we wait no more. We have taken over this section of the magazine. Do not try to stop us. We are in direct link with your printer. There is nothing you can do. On the next sixteen pages you will find imprinted the genetic components of Phfmeh the reader eater. You will follow the directions and bring Phfmeh to life so that he may consume you. This is the only way to rid the cosmos of the infestation known as homo erectus. Do not fear, it will be painless. He will begin the consummation process only after he has absorbed all information in your home, so be sure to place him in a prominent central location like a coffee table or the top of the refrigerator. Once he has consumed you and transmitted your molecular essence back to us, you will live again, but this time as a Phfmegmite. Be careful in handling Phfmeh while he is in the birth stages. Even the slightest paper cut could be lethal to him. You may begin the process once you have read all the directions. Thank you and good riddance.

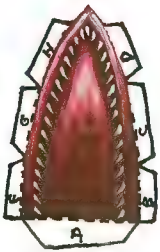
Peter X. Kleinman

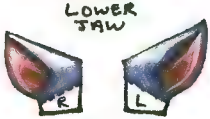
Interplanetary Death Squad Supervisor





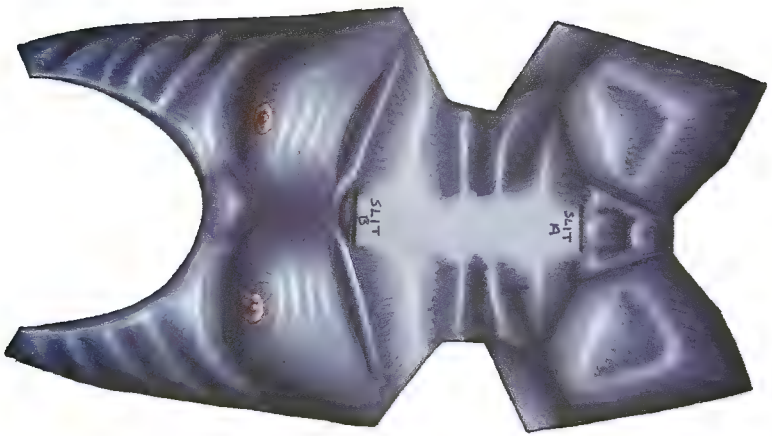






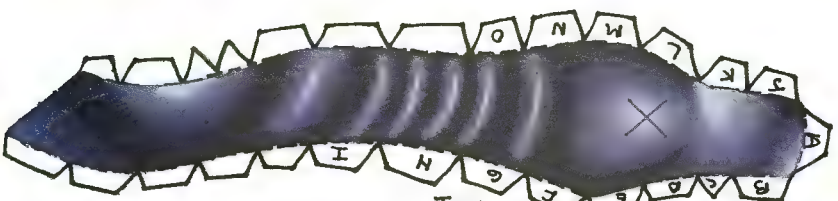
Directions

Cut out neck and inner neck; to ease folding, score along dotted lines with a kitchen knife or dry ballpoint pen. Cut slits indicated before gluing; make cut indicated on neck. Slide tab "B" formed by cut under edge to dotted line. Fold tabs on neck inward (except tab "A"). Glue tab "A" of inner neck in place inside neck between ear slits. Now glue tabs first down right side. Repeat on left side. Cut out face and upper jaw pieces. Glue tab "B" to top of inner neck. Gently bend face and glue tabs "A" and "C" in place on inner neck. Glue upper jaw in place in face. Cut out chin and glue in place tab "B" as in neck assembly. Glue tabs inside slits 1, 2, and 3 on inner neck. Cut out tongue pieces "A" and "B" and glue together. Glue tab "A" of tongue onto tab of lower jaw. Glue in place inside chin. Cut out ears, assemble, and glue in slits on neck.



UPPER TORSO FRONT & BACK

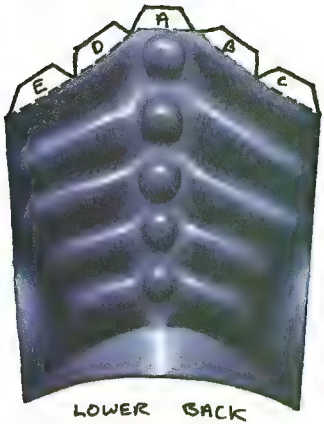
TORSO SIDE (LEFT)



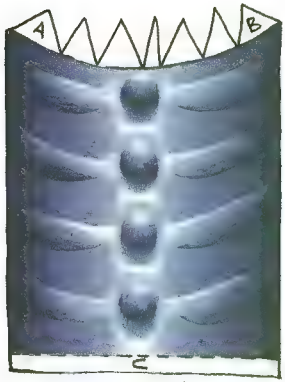
TORSO SIDE (RIGHT)

Cut out upper torso pieces. Cut slits indicated. Attach head first by tab "A" in slit "A" and then work forward to tab "B" in slit "B," bending upper torso to do this. Attach torso sides first by gluing tab "A" under shoulder, then tabs B, C, and J, K. Now fold side over and glue in position tabs "D" through "I" and "L" through "O."

ABDOMEN

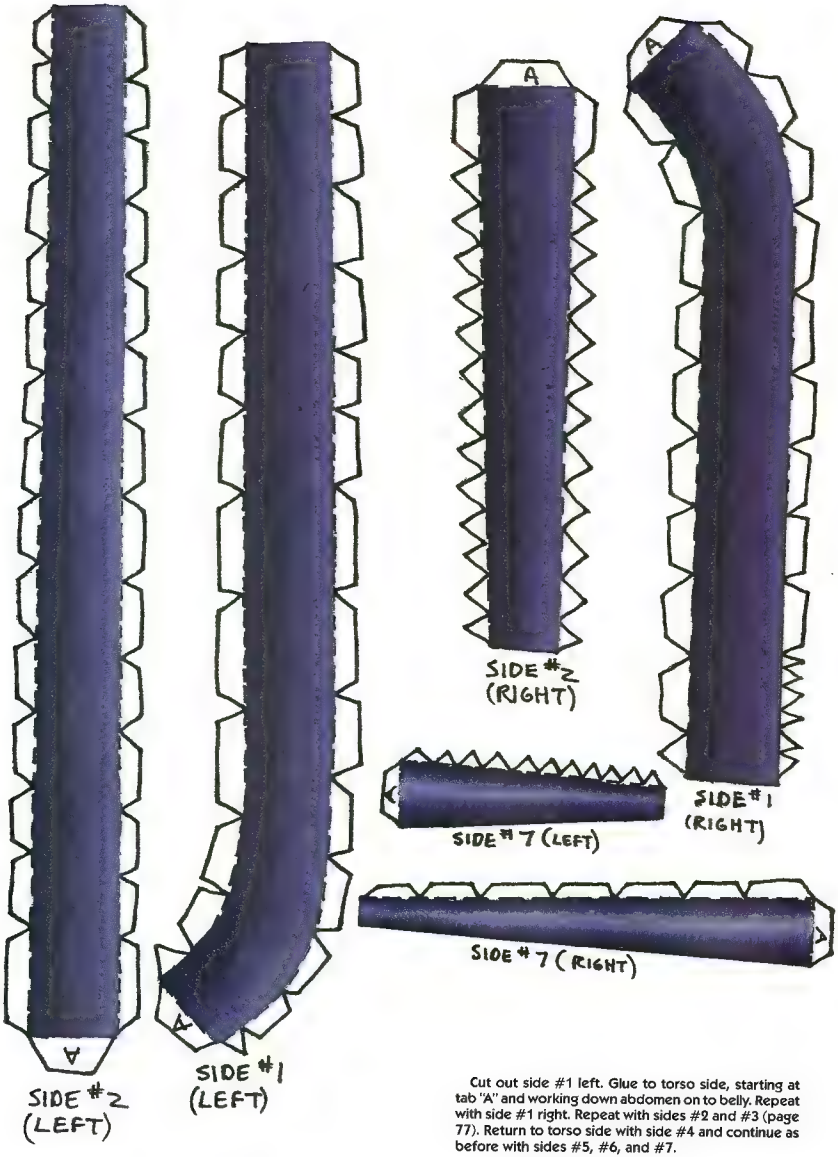


LOWER BACK

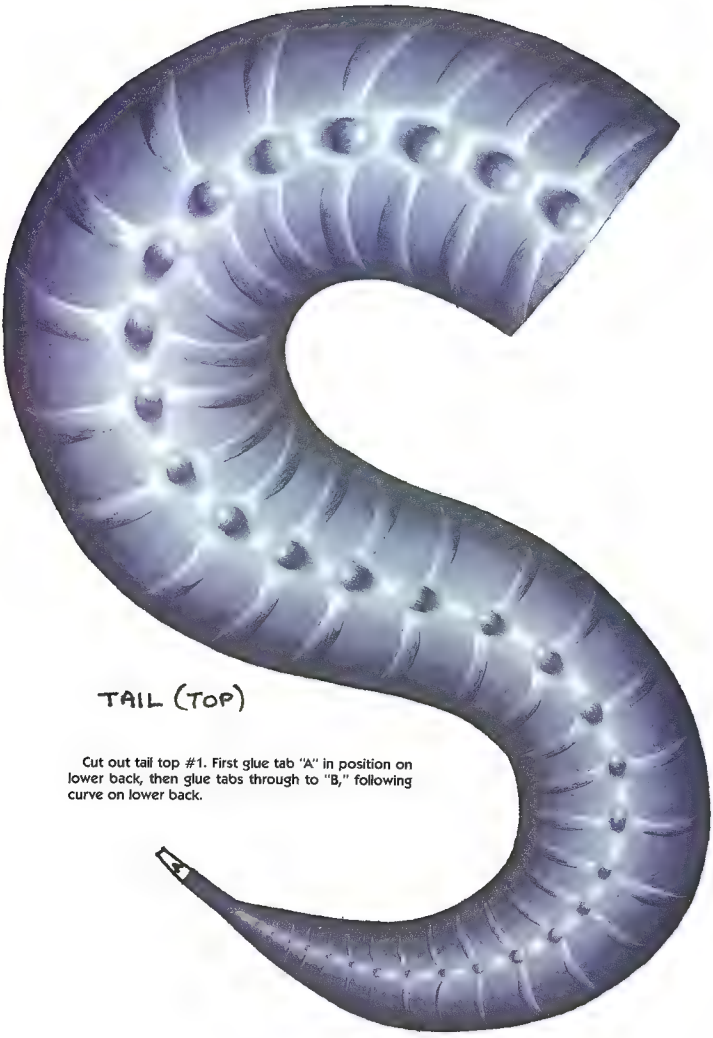


TAIL TOP #1

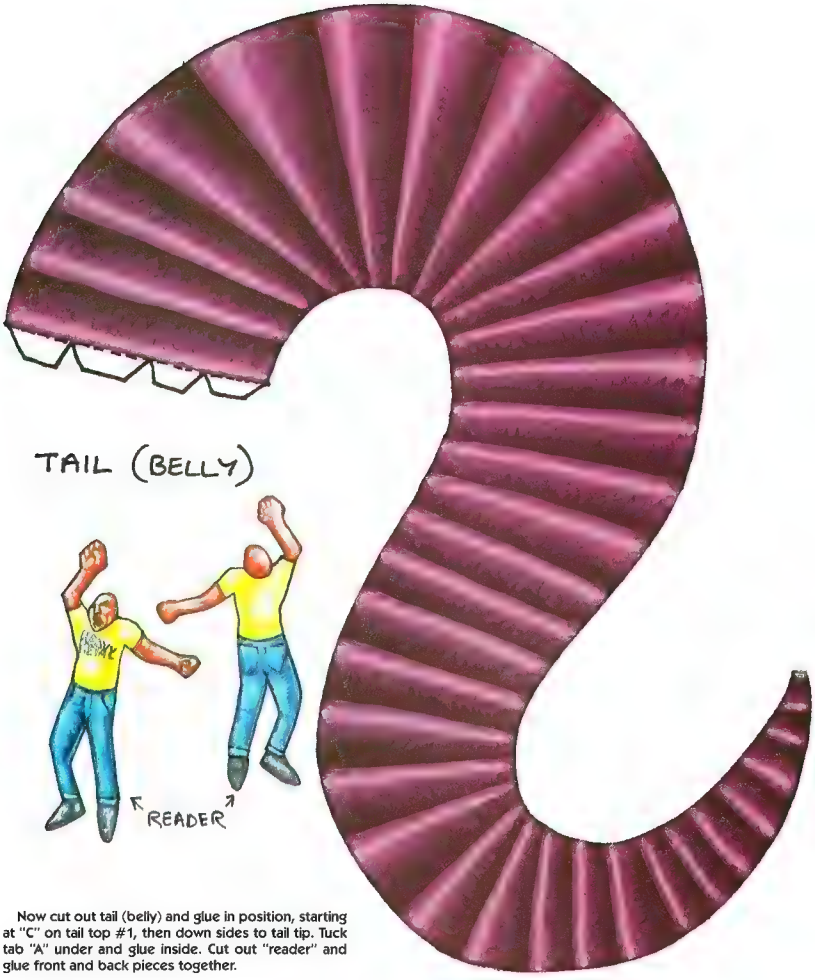
Cut out lower back and glue tabs in position under shoulder blades; now attach torso sides to lower back. Cut out abdomen and glue under rib cage. First attach tabs "A" and "B," then "C and D," then "E and F." Once secure, continue and attach abdomen to torso sides. Cut out tail belly and glue to end of abdomen.



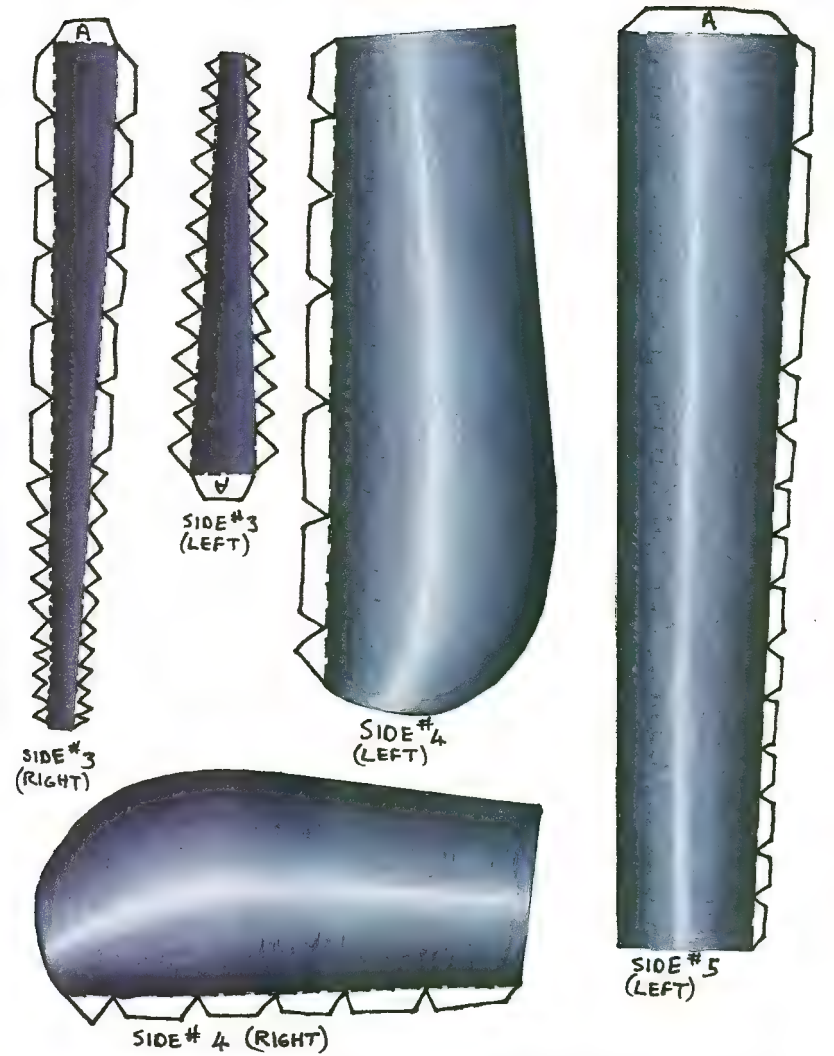
Cut out side #1 left. Glue to torso side, starting at tab "A" and working down abdomen on to belly. Repeat with side #1 right. Repeat with sides #2 and #3 (page 77). Return to torso side with side #4 and continue as before with sides #5, #6, and #7.



Cut out tail top #1. First glue tab "A" in position on lower back, then glue tabs through to "B," following curve on lower back.

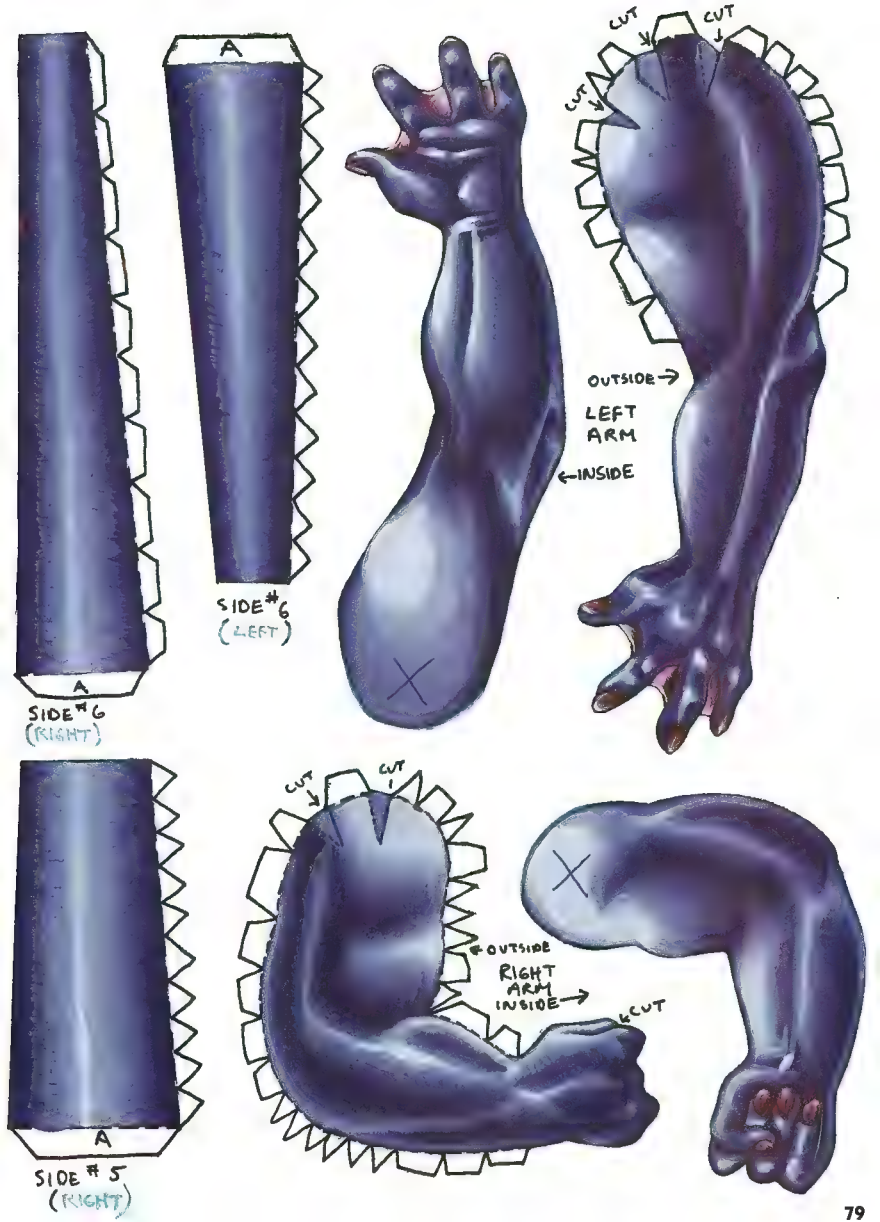


Now cut out tail (belly) and glue in position, starting at "C" on tail top #1, then down sides to tail tip. Tuck tab "A" under and glue inside. Cut out "reader" and glue front and back pieces together.



Directions for pp. 77 and 79

Cut out both left arm pieces, cut at top of outside piece where indicated on shoulder. Slide tab formed by cut under edge to dotted line, glue in place. Repeat with other two cuts, glue inside arm and outside arm together, starting at fingers. Repeat with right arm pieces, but before gluing inside and outside together cut first at thumb where indicated. Slide "reader" in and glue in place, leaving legs free to slip through slit below third finger. Now glue inside to outside and assemble to torso at "X" on shoulders. Any overlapping edges should be trimmed with a razor blade or craft knife, and any white edges or seams can be painted with a purple poster or acrylic paint.


A
A
SIDE #6
(RIGHT)
A
SIDE #6
(LEFT)
CUT
CUT
CUT
OUTSIDE
LEFT
ARM
INSIDE
A
SIDE #5
(RIGHT)
CUT
CUT
OUTSIDE
RIGHT
ARM
INSIDE
CUT

WELCOME, ONCE AGAIN, DEAR READER, TO THIS PARTICULAR EPISODE IN THE INTERLOCKING STRUCTURE OF MYTHS, LEGENDS, TALL TALES AND BOVINE HYPERBOLE WHICH, TAKEN ALTOGETHER, MIX AND MELD TO MAKE UP THAT SINGULAR HISTORICAL PHENOMENON KNOWN TO ALL AS WHAT ELSE? THE OLD WEST.

BUT THIS TIME I'VE BEEN PERMITTED A BRIEF PROLOGUE. COME WITH ME BACK TO AN EVEN OLDER TIME AND ANOTHER PLACE: THE DARK HOLLOWS AND ANCIENT COVES OF THE CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

IN THOSE DAYS, THIS WAS THE FRONTIER AND AMONG THE FIRST TO COME AND SETTLE WERE SOME WHO CHOSE TO LEAVE, OR WERE DRIVEN FROM LANDS...
...WHERE A NEWER RELIGION THAN THEIRS HELD SWAY.
ONE SUCH FAMILY FOUND A WELCOME REFUGE IN THE SOLITUDE AND RICHNESS OF THE UNSPOILED WILDERNESS...
...EXPANDING THEIR KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE'S SECRETS, SHARING ANCIENT LORE WITH THEIR FEW NEIGHBORS.

TEXARCANA

Productions PRESENTS

The Ballad of the Witch's Daughter

©1987 JOHN FINDLEY

INEVITABLY, HOWEVER, MORE SETTLERS ARRIVED
AND ONCE MORE, THE OLD RELIGION WAS A THING TO BE CONCEALED.
THE NEWCOMERS BROUGHT AN EXPANDED AWARENESS
NEW EMOTIONS WERE STIRRED
...FEELINGS AROUSED
LOVE
...JEALOUSY.

HERE LIES THE OLD CLAIM JUMPER
?-1850
WELL...OKAY! I'VE ALWAYS HEARD THAT BACON IS BAD FOR ONE'S HEALTH, HAVEN'T YOU? NEVERTHELESS, IT IS HARD TO RESIST ITS UNIQUE FLAVOR AND AROMA...
...WHICH BRINGS US BACK TO OUR UNIQUE AND, TO A CERTAIN DEGREE, AROMATIC CORNER OF THE OLD WEST:
SO, YOU BEEN, LIKE, PRACTICIN' THIS STUFF SINCE YOU WERE A KID?
THAT'S HOW COME ME T'BE TH' DEPUTY SHERIFF OF ALL HANGMAN'S CORNERS!
ALL RIGHT!
TH' SHERIFF, HE'S ACKYERT, BUT HE CAIN'T DRAW HIS GUN WORTH A DY-UMN.
WELCOME TO HANGMAN'S CORNERS POPULATION 5800
Z'AT SO?
YEAH. TRICK IS T' HOOK TH' HAMMER WITH YER THUMB—LET'S SEE...YA DO GOT THUMBS, RIGHT? —OKAY, JUS' AS QUICK AS YA GRAB TH' HANDLE, PULL BACK AN' UP IN ONE RIGHT SMART MOVE...
THEN, POINT TH' GUN AN' LET FLY!
PLAM!
OLD DOG MEAN
RED-EYE WORKS
KWANG!
WHOA! HOL' UP, THERE! WHO TH' HELL'S DOIN' ALL THAT SHOOTIN'?
ZING!
DEPUTY CALLAHAN! I MIGHTA KNOWED!
JED! HI...HOW ARE YOU?

I WAS...ER, UH... SHOWIN' M' LITTLE FRIENDS, HERE, SOME FANCY SHOOTIN'.
OH, YEAH? WULL, THEN, WHO'S MINDIN' TH' TOWN WHILE TH' SHERIFF'S AT TH' INQUEST?
INQUEST! I PLUMB FERGOT!
INQUEST?
DOC MASON'S HOLDIN' HIM A CORONER'S INQUEST AT TH' NOOSE 'N' GIBBET, TODAY.
MYSTERIOUS DEATH O' SOME OL' WOMAN.... SELLER O' SNAKE OIL AN' SUCH.
I WAS RIDIN' PAST... HUNNERD, MAYBE HUNNERD 'N' FIFTY YARDS AWAY....
NOOSE & GIBBET
SALOON
CLOSED

...WHEN I HEARD SCREAMIN'... HORR'BLE, BLOOD-WHATCHACALLIT-CURLIN'.... CURDLING
YEAH, COMIN' FROM TH' WAGON.
So, I RIDES UP T'GIT A LOOK AN'ALL OF A SUDDEN, WHAM! TH' DOOR FLIES OPEN AN' THIS OL' GAL PITCHES OUT HEAD FIRST.
Madame Moda
BEHIND HER COMES THIS NEKKID GUY!
AND, UH... DO YOU SEE THAT MAN HERE, IN THIS ROOM?
SITTIN' RIGHT OVER THERE.
INDICATING THE MAN TENTATIVELY IDENTIFIED AS JOHN DOE.
THEN WHAT HAPPENED?
THAT'S TH' HORR'BLEST PART!
TH' OL' LADY WUZ LAID OUT THERE, NOT MOVIN'. IT WUZ HARD T'SEE, FER IT WUZ COMIN' ON NIGHT, BUT I COULD SEE SHE HAD ON A PURTY WHITE LACE NIGHTIE... AN' THERE WUZ BLOOD ALL OVER....
SO, THIS GUY... HE ROLLS HER OVER. IT LOOKED LIKE THERE WAS SUMP'M WRONG WITH HER FACE. AN' THEN... AN' THEN... THIS GUY... HE...

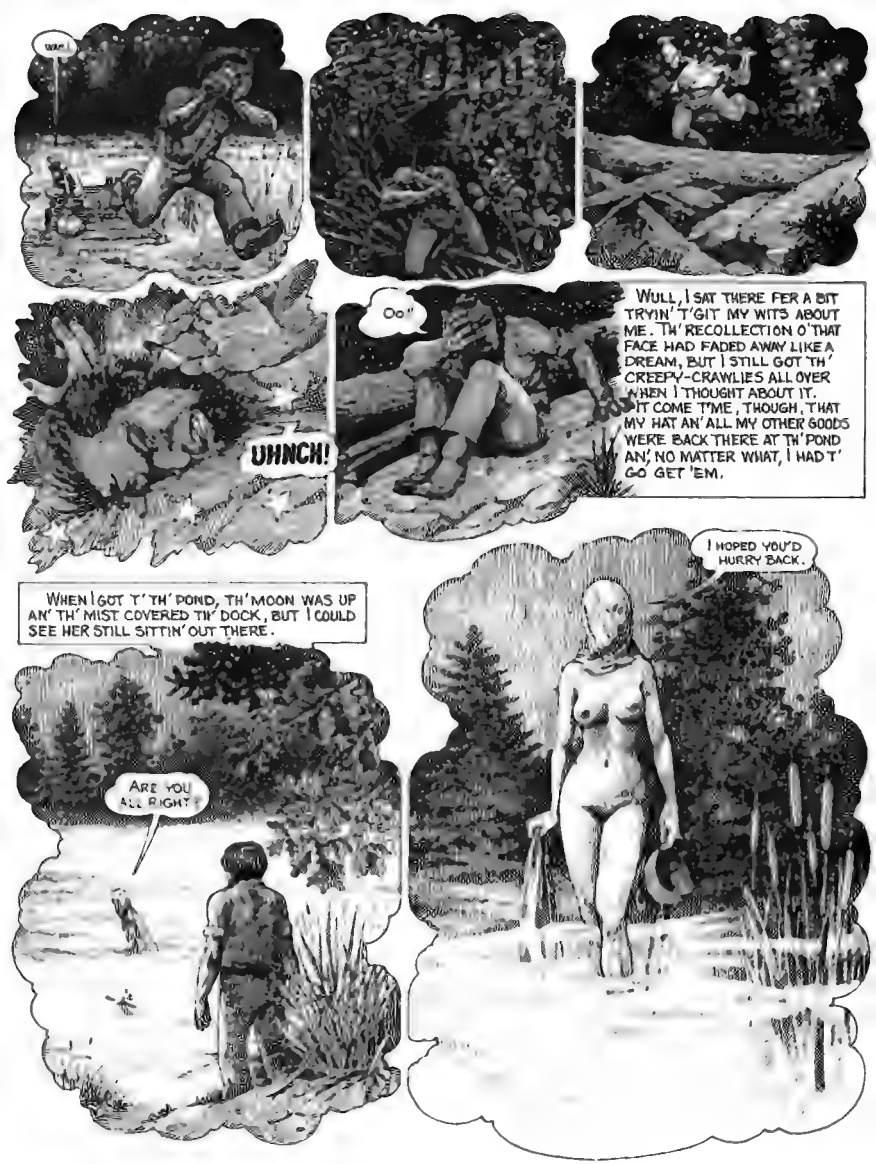
...HE COMMENCED T'MAKE QUEER NOISES AN' T'LICK AT HER!
!?
SALOON
UH, SWEAZ... THAT'S, LIKE, VERY DISGUSTING...!
ON TH' FACE OF IT, HERP, I'M INCLINED TO AGREE.
ALL RIGHT, QUIET, EVERYBODY! HOLD IT DOWN! LEMME REMIND Y'ALL: THIS INQUEST IS PUBLIC ONLY AS LONG AS IT IS ORDERLY!
NEXT!
I IDENTIFY YERSELF AND TELL WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS.
M'NAME'S WILLET SWEET, IT SURELY IS, AN' I HELP OUT OVER AT KITTY WELLS.
IT WERE A COUPLA WEEKS BACK. I WUZ WAITIN' T' GIT A LOOK AT TH' NOON TRAIN FROM KILLER LOG JUNCTION, WHEN...
MASTER
KITTY WELLS
HEY, SPUD! I WISH YOU'D C'MERE 'N' LOOK!
Station Master & General
The Weekly Reaper
FAMED VIOLINIST VANS
NOW, WHATTAYA MAKE O' THAT? LI'L HOUSE ON WHEELS!
THAT-THERE'S JUST ONE O' YER GYPSY CARAVAN-TYPE WAGONS, IS ALL.
YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT, DO YA WILLET?

UP WALKS THIS LITTLE MAN AN' HE SAYS HE WANTS...
...TWO BARRELSFUL O' WATER.
YOU COME T' TH' RIGHT PLACE, FRIEND. PULL YER WAGON 'ROUND T' THAT SMALLER TANK AN' WILLET HERE'LL TAKE CARE O' YA
THAT'LL BE FOUR BITS.
SO, UH... ARE ALL GYPSIES YOUR SIZE?
I AIN'T NO GODDAM GYPSY! I DON'T KNOW NO GODDAM GYPSIES! I'M A SMALLER THAN AVERAGE PERSON WHO'S MEANER 'N SIX STEPPED-ON SIDEWINDERS!
SORRY
AFTER THAT, TH' LI'L FELLER WENT IN T' GIT PR'VISIONS. THAT'S WHEN I HEARD A VOICE:
YOUNG MAN... COME TO THE BACK DOOR
GOOD DAY, YOUNG MAN. SAY "HELLO" TO THE YOUNG MAN, JOEY.
YIP!
SHE SHOWED ME A BAG FULLA GOLD!
SHE SAID IT WUZ A HUNNERD DOLLARS AN' SHE'D BET IT ALL THAT I COULDN' KISS HER, FER SHE WUZ THAT UGLY!
I SAID I RECKON HOW I'D SURE HAFTA GO AHEAD'N KISS HER, 'CAUSE I DIDN' HAVE NO HUNNERD DOLLARS T' PAY IF I LOST TH' BET.
DON'T WORRY, YOUNG MAN, IF YOU LOSE, I'LL SIMPLY TAKE ONE OF THOSE LOVELY EARS OF YOURS...
...FOR MY COLLECTION.
YIP! YIP!

DIDN'T THAT STRIKE YOU AS ...STRANGE?
WULL, I...UH... LOTTSA STUFF IS **STRANGE**, YA KNOW?
ANYHOW, I SAYS, "SHUCKS, MA'AM, I GOT **TWO** EARS. BESIDES..."
...BESIDES, I'D PROB'LY KISS A SICK SALAMANDER FER A HUNNERD BUCKS.
A **SALAMANDER**. HOW **AMUSING**.
KISS **ME**, THEN... AND **LIFT THE *SPELL*!**
I'D NOT LIKE T'SAY I **PASSED OUT** EXACKLY, BUT NEX' THING I KNOWED I WUZ ON TH' GROUND AN' WET FROM WATER SPUD HAD THROWED ON ME.
I THOUGHT I'D, MAYBE, **DREAMT** TH' WHOLE THING, EXCEPT I HAD **THIS** IN MY HAND...
...AND **THIS**!
THAT'S SOME REALLY FINE NEEDLEWORK YA GOT THERE, WILLET...SHOULDN'T LEAVE **MUCH** OF A SCAR.
BY THE WAY...WHAT DO YOU THINK SHE MEANT BY "**THE SPELL?**"
I KIN HELP YA OUT ON **THAT** ONE!
I'M CARL DUNDEE, DRIVER, HIRED HAND AND OLD FRIEND OF THE DECEASED.
EEEEEN...! EEE-EEN! YAH! YAH! YAH!

DO YOU KNOW THAT MAN?
YES, I DO. HE...HE'S ONE OF MADAME'S...VICTIMS.
UNH... UH-UNH...
HM! WE ARE EXAMINING TH' POSSIBILITY THAT IT COULD BE TH' OTHER WAY 'ROUND.
I DON'T NEED NO GODDAM HELP!
THE FIRST TIME I LAID EYES ON HER, MADAME TOLD ME ABOUT THE SPELL...
I REMEMBER IT REAL WELL, FOR IT WERE TH' LAST DAY I WAS ...THAT PERSON, YA KNOW? THE MAN I USED T' BE....
SHE WAS SITTIN' BY THIS POND, LOOKIN' DOWN AT TH' WATER. I COULD HEAR SHE WAS SOBBIN'....
WHEN I COME UP TO HER, SHE WAS S'PRISED AND PULLED A VEIL OVER HER FACE.
YOU ALL RIGHT, MA'AM?
OH!
WHEN SHE SAW WHO, ER, WHAT I WAS, I THOUGHT I HEARD HER LAUGH, BUT BEFORE I GOT TOO MAD ABOUT IT, SHE STARTED IN T' WEEPIN' AGAIN.
BY AND BY SHE STARTED TELLIN' ME HER STORY, 'BOUT HOW SHE WAS IN LOVE WITH THIS GUY SINCE SHE WAS A LI'L GIRL; BUT ANOTHER GIRL WANTED HIM, TOO.
SHE BEGAN T' HATE THIS OTHER GIRL MORE AN' MORE AS TH' YEARS WENT BY....
FINALLY, TH' BOY ASKED TH' OTHER GIRL T' MARRY HIM.

COME TH' MORNIN' O' TH' WEDDING, HATRED AN' JEALOUSY 'D BUILT UP SO STRONG IN HER THAT SHE HAD SOME KIND OF A FIT. SHE ROSE UP AN' KILLED THAT OTHER GIRL!
SALOON
THE SUN'D GONE DOWN AN' THERE WEREN'T NO MOON. IT WERE RIGHT EERIE. THEN SHE TURNED AN' I COULD TELL SHE WAS LOOKIN' AT ME
THIS GIRL'S MOTHER... SHE WAS A CONJURIN' WOMAN.
WHAT'S A CONJURIN' WOMAN?
CONJURE WOMAN'S COME T' TOWN, DEMON SCUD AND ANGEL FLOWN; SHE'LL KNOT UP TH' DIVVIL'S TAIL, MAKE TH' CROP T' FLOWER 'R FAIL, KEN TH' RUNES ON WIZARD'S CAIRN, BREATHE LIFE IN T' STILLBORN BAIRN, SOUR MILK IN UDDER 'R BREAST CAST A PLAGUE ON MAN 'R BEAST GOOD 'R ILL. BOTH CAN SHE DO... CONSTANT FRIEND SHE'LL BE TO YOU.
S-SOUNDS SOMETHIN' LIKE A... A WITCH!
VERY LIKE.
THIS WOMAN BLASTED ME WITH A CURSE OF SUCH UGLINESS THAT N'ARY A MAN KIN STAND T' CAST EYES UPON ME... AND I GROW EVER UGLIER 'TIL A MAN SHALL WILLINGLY KISS MY MOUTH....
THEN AND THERE, I SHALL BECOME BEAUTIFUL ONCE MORE!
SHE PUT MORE STUFF INTO MY HEAD THAN HAD EVER BEEN THERE AT ONE TIME. FIRST OFF, I WAS SCARED, FER I'D NEVER HEARD SUCH THINGS BEFORE. SECOND, IT WAS A TALL TALE T' SWALLOW. BUT, MOST OF ALL, I GUESS I JUST FLAT FELT SORRY FOR HER, 'CAUSE I KNEW, A LITTLE, HOW SHE FELT.
BY THIS TIME, MIST WAS A-RISIN' OFF TH' POND AN' FROM SOMEWHERES NEAR COME TH' CALL OF A WHIP-POOR-WILL. IT WERE PLUMB WEIRD. I IMAGINED THERE T' BE A DIM LIGHT COMIN' THROUGH THAT VEIL, SHOWIN' PALE COLORS I CAN'T PUT NAMES TO...
I LEFT HOME, O' COURSE, FOR LOATHIN' IS EASIER T' TAKE FROM STRANGERS.
WORDS COME A-JUMPIN' OUTA MY MOUTH B' FORE I'D EVEN THOUGHT OF 'EM!
I'LL KISS YA! I WILL!!
MY LITTLE FRIEND
...KISS THIS?


WAH!
UHNCH!
Oo"
WULL, I SAT THERE FER A BIT TRYIN' T'GIT MY WITS ABOUT ME. TH' RECOLLECTION O' THAT FACE HAD FADED AWAY LIKE A DREAM, BUT I STILL GOT TH' CREEPY-CRAWLIES ALL OVER WHEN I THOUGHT ABOUT IT. IT COME TIME, THOUGH, THAT MY HAT AN' ALL MY OTHER GOODS WERE BACK THERE AT TH' POND AN', NO MATTER WHAT, I HAD T' GO GET 'EM.
WHEN I GOT T' TH' POND, TH' MOON WAS UP AN' TH' MIST COVERED TH' DOCK, BUT I COULD SEE HER STILL SITTIN' OUT THERE.
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
I HOPED YOU'D HURRY BACK.

FROM THAT NIGHT ON, WE TRAVELED FAR 'N' WIDE T'GETHER. I TOOK JOBS AS A CARPENTER WHILST SHE SOLD HERB TONIC FROM SOME OLD FAMILY RECIPE WE DID PURTY GOOD
I NEVER AGAIN LAID EYES ON HER FACE - 'TIL TH' OTHER NIGHT - BUT SHE NEVER DID GIVE UP ON TH' NOTION THAT A KISS WOULD CURE HER. SHE USED TRICKS ON ANY NUMBER O' MEN...
...BUT THEY NEVER DID WORK.
AFTER A TIME, SHE BEGAN PLANNIN' OUT OUR TRAVELS SO'S WE'D GIT T' POST OFFICES WHERE PACKAGES O' BOOKS FROM ALL OVER TH' WORLD WOULD BE WAITIN'...
UPPER BOLEMIA, EH? KIN I HAVE TH' STAMP?
HE'P Y'SELF.
...OLD BOOKS, MOST OF 'EM. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY WAS ABOUT, FOR I AIN'T ALL THAT LIT'RATE AND SHE WOULDN' SAY.
IT WAS ABOUT THAT TIME SHE STARTED COLLECTIN'... PARTS.
COLLECTIN'... PARTS?
YEAH. PARTS. LIKE THAT FELLA'S EAR.
A PART HERE, A PART THERE, SHE'D WIN 'EM IN BETS, BUY 'EM, TRICK 'EM OUTA FOLKS, STEAL 'EM SOMETIMES. VARIOUS WAYS OVER TH' YEARS.
SHE HAD EVERY KINDA PART... SOME KINDS THAT FOLKS CAN'T AFFORD T' LOSE.

IT WENT ON LIKE THAT 'TIL WEEK B'FORE LAST, COMIN' OUTA KITTY WELLS. SHE WAS SITTIN' UP FRONT WITH ME, WHICH SHE ALMOST NEVER DID.
JUST ONE MORE PART, JOEY... BUT, IT'S TH' MOST IMPORTANT PART OF ALL.
YIP!
WE MADE CAMP THAT EV'NIN' AT WILBUR CANYON.
CARL, UM... I NEED T'COOK US UP A BATCH O' TONIC T'SELL IN HANGMAN'S CORNERS.
AN' WHILST I'M BUSY DOIN' THAT, YOU TAKE TH' GUN AN' ONE O' TH' HORSES AN' GO OFF FOR TWO 'R THREE DAYS. SHOOT US SOME SAGE HEN... MAYBE A RABBIT.
SO, TH' NEXT MORNIN', OFF I WENT.
NOW, I DON' LIKE RIDIN' AN' I DON' LIKE HUNTIN' AN' I AIN' NO GOOD AT NEITHER ONE OF 'EM. IT'S JUST A... A DEVICE WE USED, T'GIT OUTA EACH OTHER'S HAIR.
BUT THIS TIME FELT DIFFER'NT. I FELT WORRIED.
AFTER TWO DAYS, I COME ON BACK. COMIN' UP T' TH' WAGON, I SAW SOMETHIN' STRANGE.
THERE'D BIN A FIRE AN' ALL O' MADAME'S PARTS JARS AN' ALL HER BOOKS HAD BEEN D'STROYED!
AN' JOEY WAS THERE... MOSTLY BURNT UP.
THAT GOT ME REAL SCARED, FOR I KNEW SHE LOVED JOEY MORE 'N ANYTHING.
CURTAINS WAS PULLED ACROSS ALL TH' WINDOWS BUT ONE.
TH' DOOR WAS LOCKED. I COULD HEAR MADAME INSIDE MAKIN' A QUEER MOANIN' SOUND AN' RHYMIN' WORDS I COULDN' UNDERSTAND.

I COULD SEE MADAME KNEELIN' DOWN NEXT T' A GUY WRAPPED UP IN A SHEET.
HE APPEARED T' BE DEAD, BUT AFTER A WHILE HE STARTED MOVIN' AROUND AN' OPENED HIS EYES.
THEN SOMETHIN' HAPPENED I NEVER THOUGHT I'D LIVE T'SEE...
THEY KISSED FOR SO LONG A TIME... AN' YET I KNOW I DIDN' DRAW A BREATH.

NEX' THING I KNEW AFTER THAT, IT WAS MORNIN' AN' I WAS DOWN UNDER TH' FRONT O' TH' WAGON WITH A ACHIN' KNOT ON MY HEAD. TH' SHERIFF WAS SHAKIN' ME.
BOOM
M-MMM, HUMM-MH!

AHEM, UH... CARL, LET ME SEE YOUR HANDS.
SURE.
NO CUTS HERE. AND OUR JOHN DOE, OVER THERE, WAS CUT ONLY ON HIS ELBOWS AND TH' SOLES OF HIS FEET.
WHEREAS, IN TH' CASE O' TH' DECEASED, TH' FINGERS AND PALMS OF BOTH HANDS WERE SLICED TO TH' BONE, AS ONE WOULD EXPECT FROM GRIPPING BROKEN PIECES OF TH' MIRROR.
BITS O' WHICH WERE FOUND THROUGHOUT NUMEROUS WOUNDS IN TH' FACE 'N' THROAT.
SO, AS CORONER O' THESE PARTS, AND SUBJECT T' TH' APPROVAL O' TH' SHERIFF, I FIND AS FOLLOWS:
DEATH WAS DUE T' LOSS O' BLOOD THROUGH SEVERED CAROTID ARTERY AN' JUGULAR VEIN; SAID WOUNDS BEIN', IN MY JUDGEMENT, SELF-INFLICTED.
OH, BY TH' WAY... DID SHE EVER MENTION T' YA HOW SHE KILLED THAT GIRL, SO MANY YEARS AGO?
WHY, UH... YEAH. SLAPPED HER WITH A SKILLET FULLA HOT BACON.
HMM, I SEE... YES!
WHO'S GONNA TAKE CARE O' THIS GUY? HE CAIN'T TALK AN' I'M AFRAID HE'S A TAD FEEBLEMINDED.
ER...!
HE KIN COME WITH ME, FOR I THINK THERE MIGHT BE A PART O' ME IN HIM SHE TOOK TH' ONLY PART I HAD THAT WAS MAN-SIZED.
C'MON, JOEY.
YIP!
LATER (SOMETIME AFTER 5)...
COFFEE, BILL
WHAT I CAN'T FIGGER IS, HOW COME SHE DIDN'T TURN BEAUTIFUL? LIKE... A SPELL'S A SPELL! YA KNOW?
THAT'S SO
WAY T' GO, SHERIFF
PLAIN FACT O' TH' MATTER IS, THERE NEVER WAS ANY SUCH A SPELL.
HUH?
WHAT TAYA MEAN?
WELL, I MEAN, IT'S HARD T' FATHOM TH' THINGS THAT MIGHT GO ON IN TH' MIND OF A YOUNG GIRL WHO LOST BEAUTY, LOVE, HOPES AND DREAMS... AND HER SANITY!
SHE COULDN' FACE UP T' LIVIN' A LIFETIME OF SUCH UGLINESS, SO SHE INVENTED TH' SPELL AN' ITS MAGICAL CURE... AN' IMAGINED HERSELF T' BE HER ATTACKER!
THANK
YA SEE, HER DEFORMITY WAS NOT DUE TO A CURSE OR SPELL. IT WAS BURN SCARS, CRUSHED BONES AN' ABOUT THIRTY YEARS OF GANGRENOUS INFECTION.
YESSIREE! LIKE "THEY" ALWAYS SAY, UGLY IS... WHAT? SKIN DEEP? WHICH IS WHY I LOVE MY LITTLE RHONDA, HERE
JUMPER
?-1850
'COURSE, I'D NEVER DREAM O' KISSIN' HER.

WE WANT YOUR MONEY!

A B C D E Photo by Michael Benchwich

A Berni Wrightson's **Hanover Fiste** and his ne'er-do-well accomplice **Captain Sternn**. You've seen them in the magazine, you've seen them in the *Heavy Metal* movie, now see them coming and going. This durable four-color cotton **T-shirt** is a must for summer. **$7.50**.
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

B The **original Heavy Metal T-shirt** comes in red and black and is made of cotton-blend. The essential HM product. **$7.50**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ red _____ black

C *Heavy Metal*'s pride and joy, our silver, satin-like **jacket**, equipped with a cotton lining, and front pockets, too. Hipper than a Stones '72 tour jacket! **$36.00**.
_____ small _____ medium _____ large

D **Heavy Metal's phosphorescent T-shirt**. These all-cotton tees are available in sleeveless or regular style black shirts. Wear it to bed and you won't need a nite-lite to find your way to the bathroom. **$8.00**
_____ small _____ medium
_____ large _____ sleeveless
_____ regular

E Our latest and greatest product—the **Heavy Metal all-cotton sweatshirt**. Wear it to the gym or to your fave dance spot and watch those calories melt away while maintaining your ultra-chic image. **$15.95**.
_____ small _____ large
_____ medium
_____ black _____ white _____ grey

F **Ranxerox T-shirt.** Made of 100% cotton with a reinforced neck. Deep armholes, extra body length and fullness. White with design in full color. **$11.95**
_____ small _____ medium _____ large
_____ ex-large

Keep your pants up with a **Heavy Metal belt buckle**. It's 3¼" × 2" and will fit any standard belt. Also deflects alien laser guns. **$10.95**

You can now smack **Ranxerox's** pretty puss right on your lapel with this handsome **color pin**. **$5.00,** includes postage and handling. Don't leave home without it!
_____ /Ranxerox pin.

Check off what you like and how many you want. Include size and color. Add up what it costs. (Add 8¼% sales tax if you live in New York State.) Write a check or money order for the total, put it in an envelope with this ad, and send it to:

Heavy Metal, Dept. SU 87, 635 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022.

And it would be helpful if we knew your . . .

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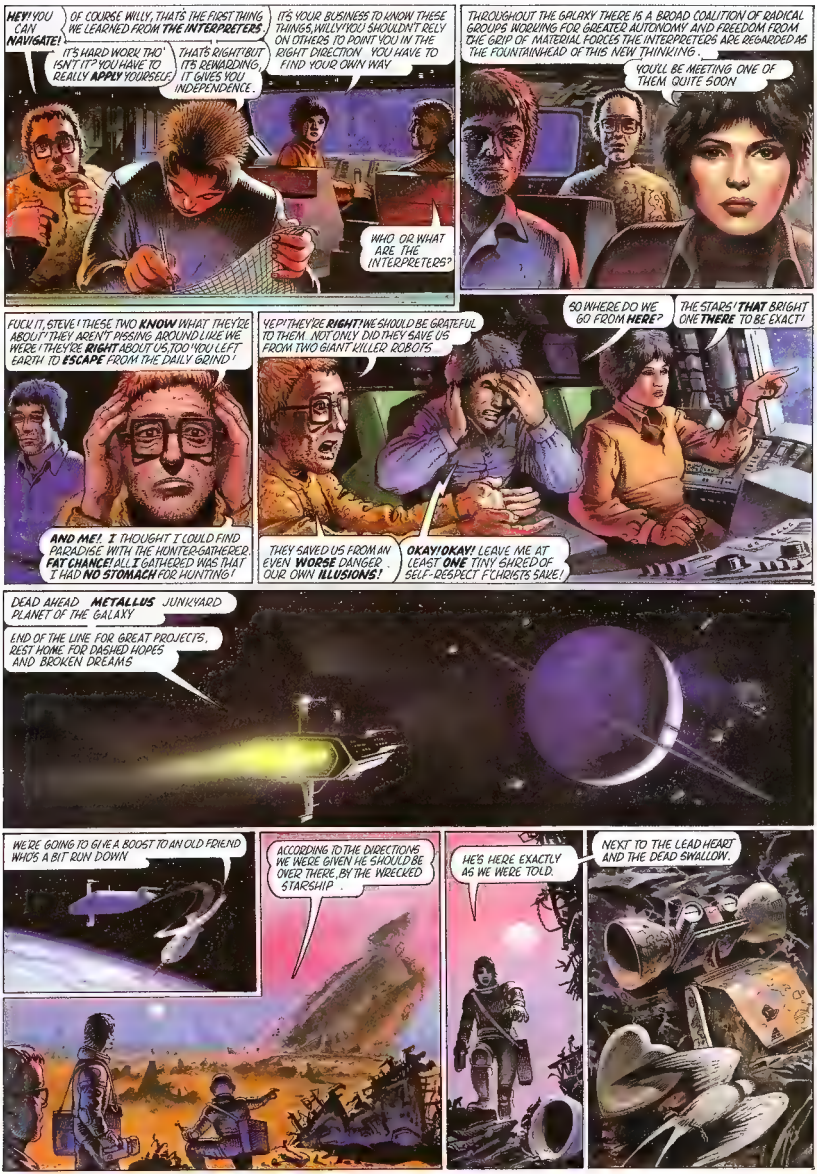
YESSIR! I REMEMBER THE TIME WHEN THERE WAS NO FENCES...
JUST WIDE OPEN RANGE
SOMETIMES THE TRUTH IS AN UGLY THING SOMETIMES THE TRUTH IS A BEAUTIFUL THING IN A WORLD THAT REQUIRES LIES IN ORDER TO LIVE, IT IS ALWAYS A DANGEROUS THING.
50 BEAUTIFUL 50 DANGEROUS UPDATE
RETURN OF THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN
CLOSED AREA DUKE CITY NH
RINGIINNNGG
SIX O'CLOCK MONDAY MORNING IN THE CRAB NEBULA.
ANOTHER NIGHT ANOTHER DREAM ANOTHER DAY ANOTHER NIGHTMARE
TWENTY YEARS OF SCHOOLING AND IT GETS YOU ON THE DAYSHIFT
THINGS ARE GETTIN' TOUGH THESE DAYS YOU JUST CAN'T GET RELIABLE ROBOSLAVES ANYMORE WE HAFTA MAKE DO WITH HUMAN BEINGS!
PLEASE BOSS! HES LATE! HES LATE! FUCKIN COMPUTERS! THEY NEVER MISS
PHING
ONE WHOLE NANOSEC! THAT'S A HALF A' CYCLE YOU'RE DOCKED, SONNY!
I WONDER IF THE DREAM IS OVER FOR WILLY, TOO?

THE KILL IS MADE! LET'S GO FOUR-EYES
FOOD BROOL IM STARVING!
UURK'
HOT LIVER! A GREAT DELICACY FOR FOUR-EYES. VISITOR FROM THE SKIES.. QUICK! EAT WHILE HOT!
MAYBE HOTDOGS AND HAMBURGERS WEREN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL.
EAT UP WILLY THIS IS GOOD. NO ADDITIVES LOTS OF FIBER!
RUSTLE
CLIC
UUGH.. BIT TOO MUCH FIBER!
RRRAAA
RAA AAA
YAAAA!!

GOD! HE RUNS LIKE A GOOSE HAVING A FIT! FASTER, YOU NINNY!
WILLY! DUCK!
DUCK, PISSHEAD!
M.M.PHH!
POOR SOD! HE'S CRASHED OUT.
WOOOOOOOH...
ANOTHER DAY OVER..
AN' DEEPER IN DEBT.
HOW ABOUT CALLING ROUND TONIGHT FOR A MEAL WITH ME AN' THE WIVES, STEVE?
THANKS, BUT I THINK I'LL HEAD DOWNTOWN I NEED A LITTLE EXCITEMENT!
EXCUSE ME, COULD YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO..
Z Z I T!
P LOP

OOOOH! MY HEAD.
YAAA! HELP! PLEASE DON'T HURT ME. PRETTY PLEASE!
DON'T BE SILLY WILLY
JUST RELAX, IT'S ONLY US.
SUSIE.
AND JO. REMEMBER?
AND DON'T FORGET ME, OF COURSE!
SUSIE JO.. STEVE?
DEAD FAINT
SHIT! HE'S FLAT OUT AGAIN! HOW HAS HE MANAGED TO SURVIVE IN THIS CRUEL WORLD ALL THESE YEARS?! HE'S SUCH A DELICATE LITTLE FLOWER.
I'LL GET HIM SOME WATER.
HERE.
I'LL GIVE THE LITTLE FLOWER A DRINK OF WATER.
YAAGH!
DID YOU FAINT FROM JOY OR HORROR, WILLY?
SUSIE! JO! STEVE! IT IS YOU!
YEP! SPEAKING FOR MY SELF I CAN ASSURE YOU THAT IT'S NEVER FELT MORE CERTAIN THAT IT IS ME.
IT MUST BE YEARS SINCE I LAST SAW YOU! HEY YOU LOOK GREAT WITH THOSE NEW HAIRSTYLES
THAT'S NOT ALL WE'VE CHANGED, WILLY. WE'VE UPDATED A FEW OF OUR ATTITUDES, TOO!
AND YOU, STEVE! ER. YOU LOOK GREAT, TOO.
SURE...UH. AND YOU, TOO, WILLY.
SORRY, FELLAS BUT TIME IS TOO SHORT TO CONSIDER YOUR PRIDE. YOU BOTH LOOK LIKE A COUPLE OF SCARECROWS! FACT IS, YOU BOYS WERE IN THE SHIT AND WE GIRLS PULLED YOU OUT OF IT!
HELL, I HAD A STEADY JOB AN' I WAS SAVING UP T' GET BACK HOME TO EARTH.
I'LL THE DYNAMIC DUO HERE KIDNAPPED ME!
BE HONEST, STEVE. THAT SYSTEM HAD YOU BY THE THROAT! THOSE COMPUTERS WERE TOO FAST FOR YOU. I'LL GIVE YOU ONE THING THO' YOU WEREN'T JUST DRIFTING INTO THE SUTTER YOU WERE HEROICALLY FIGHTING YOUR WAY THERE.
AND YOU WEREN'T DOING ANY BETTER, WILLY! THAT HEALTHY OUTDOOR LIFE WAS MAKING YOU A WRECK! YOU WEREN'T BUILT FOR THE NOMADIC EXISTENCE. LEAVE THE INDIANS TO THEIR OWN WORLD, GOD KNOWS THE WHITE MAN OWES THEM THAT AT LEAST!
Y'KNOW I THINK I PREFERRED YOU BOTH THE WAY YOU WERE, YOU WEREN'T SO FULL OF ADVICE THEN.
IT ISN'T ADVICE. IT'S TRUTH.
PREPARE A HEADING FOR OUR NEXT DESTINATION JO.


HEY! YOU CAN NAVIGATE!
OF COURSE WILLY, THAT'S THE FIRST THING WE LEARNED FROM THE INTERPRETERS.
IT'S YOUR BUSINESS TO KNOW THESE THINGS, WILLY! YOU SHOULDN'T RELY ON OTHERS TO POINT YOU IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION. YOU HAVE TO FIND YOUR OWN WAY.
IT'S HARD WORK, THO' ISN'T IT? YOU HAVE TO REALLY APPLY YOURSELF!
THAT'S RIGHT! BUT IT'S REWARDING, IT GIVES YOU INDEPENDENCE.
WHO OR WHAT ARE THE INTERPRETERS?
THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY THERE IS A BROAD COALITION OF RADICAL GROUPS WORKING FOR GREATER AUTONOMY AND FREEDOM FROM THE GRIP OF MATERIAL FORCES. THE INTERPRETERS ARE REGARDED AS THE FOUNTAINHEAD OF THIS NEW THINKING.
YOU'LL BE MEETING ONE OF THEM QUITE SOON.
FUCK IT, STEVE! THESE TWO KNOW WHAT THEY'RE ABOUT! THEY AREN'T PISSING AROUND LIKE WE WERE! THEY'RE RIGHT ABOUT US, TOO! YOU LEFT EARTH TO ESCAPE FROM THE DAILY GRIND!
AND ME! I THOUGHT I COULD FIND PARADISE WITH THE HUNTER-GATHERER. FAT CHANCE! ALL I GATHERED WAS THAT I HAD NO STOMACH FOR HUNTING!
YEP! THEY'RE RIGHT! WE SHOULD BE GRATEFUL TO THEM. NOT ONLY DID THEY SAVE US FROM TWO GIANT KILLER ROBOTS.
THEY SAVED US FROM AN EVEN WORSE DANGER. OUR OWN ILLUSIONS!
OKAY! OKAY! LEAVE ME AT LEAST ONE TINY SHRED OF SELF-RESPECT F'CHRISTS SAKE!
SO WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?
THE STARS! THAT BRIGHT ONE THERE TO BE EXACT!
DEAD AHEAD METALLUS JUNKYARD PLANET OF THE GALAXY.
END OF THE LINE FOR GREAT PROJECTS, REST HOME FOR DASHED HOPES AND BROKEN DREAMS.
WE'RE GOING TO GIVE A BOOST TO AN OLD FRIEND, WHO'S A BIT RUN DOWN.
ACCORDING TO THE DIRECTIONS WE WERE GIVEN WE SHOULD BE OVER THERE, BY THE WRECKED STARSHIP.
HE'S HERE EXACTLY AS WE WERE TOLD.
NEXT TO THE LEAD HEART AND THE DEAD SWALLOW.

EXCUSE ME FOR BEING OVERLY INQUISITIVE BUT WHERE THE HELL ARE WE GOING NOW, LADIES? THIS IS THE THIRD PLANET WE'VE BEEN ON IN AS MANY HOURS!
THIS IS THE HOUSE OF THE INTERPRETER, WILLY!
IT'LL NEED AN INTERPRETER TO EXPLAIN THE SENSE IN ALL THIS!
WILLY, STEVE... MEET THE INTERPRETER.
GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN.
WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.
ANOTHER BEAVER OF QUICK RELEASE OIL, PLEASE.
WHEN I RETURNED FROM RETREAT, THROUGH MY CONTACTS I LEARNED THAT THE GIRLS WERE ACTIVE IN PROGRESSIVE CIRCLES. I HELPED THEM LOCATE THE ASSASSINATORS WHICH THEY FOLLOWED TO YOU.
WE'RE GRATEFUL FOR BEING RESCUED, SIS. BUT WHY DID YOU WANT TO FIND US ANYWAY?
I AM AFRAID THAT YOU HAVE BEEN CAUGHT UP IN THE VAST INSCRUTABLE WORKINGS OF INTERPLANETARY AFFAIRS, GENTLEMEN.
NOT AGAIN!
WHEN I WAS IN SELF-EXILE, LONG PERIODS SPENT IN DEEP TRANCE ENABLED ME TO PLAY AND REPLAY THE AMBI-VALENT VIDEOTAPE OF EXISTENCE.
ANCIENT MYSTICAL TECHNIQUES HELPED ME TO DEVELOP A SEMIOLOGY OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS WITH WHICH TO BROACH THE GREAT PROBLEM OF EPISTEMOLOGY AND LANGUAGE.
MY DEAR COMPAÑEROS
THERE ARE TIMES WHEN IT SEEMS TO ME THAT EXISTENCE IS A DREAM, THAT WE ARE ALL ACTORS IN A PROFOUND COSMIC DRAMA, AND THAT, NO MATTER HOW STRONG OUR CONVICTION OF FREEWILL, WE ARE BORN WITH OUR SCRIPT IN HAND SUPPLIED DIRECT FROM THE PEN OF THE CREATOR!
HOWEVER... THE JANUS-MASKED NATURE OF THIS STRANGE AFFAIR OF AWARENESS BRINGS THE PENDULUM OF PERCEPTION GRACEFULLY YET REMORSELESSLY BACK AGAIN AND THEN IT SEEMS INESCAPABLE THAT WE ARE INDEED ALL THE AUTOBIOGRAPHERS OF OUR OWN LIVES... THE AUTHORS OF OUR OWN DESTINY...
WOT ON EARTH IS HE ON ABOUT?!
SSH! WE'RE NOT ON EARTH!
YES... WE ALL HAVE OUR SCRIPT IN HAND BUT! IT IS INCUMBENT UPON US TO READ BETWEEN THE LINES OF THIS SCRIPT, TO SEE THE DEEP PATTERNS EMBEDDED INTO THE EXPERIENCE OF OUR SIMPLE, EVERYDAY LIVES!
IN SHORT, CONTRADICTIONS MUST BE RESOLVED.
BUT PARADOXES, WE MUST LIVE WITH.
CHRIST I'M STARVIN'. IF YOU DON'T WANT YOUR CHOCOLATE PUD CAN I HAVE IT?!

AH! YES! I'LL COME TO THE POINT. HMM HOW CAN I PUT THIS? GENTLEMEN **YOU** THINK **YOU'RE** A COUPLE OF **NOBODIES** DON'T YOU?

WE DO?

WELL THE FACT IS NOT ONLY ARE YOU **FAMOUS** THROUGHOUT THE GALAXY BUT YOU HAVE A FOLLOWING ON EARTH THAT IS NUMBERED IN **MILLIONS**.

THIS IS **RIDICULOUS!** I CAN'T BE **FAMOUS** I'VE NEVER EVEN **HEARD** OF MYSELF!

THE GALAXY IS A **VERY** BIG PLACE

LET ME **ELUCIDATE** SOMEWHAT.

PLEASE.. ELUCIDATE ELUCIDATE!

WE HAVE A JOURNEY TO MAKE! LET US GO TO MY SPACECRAFT. I WILL EXPLAIN ON OUR WAY **TO EARTH!**

FOR EONS THE INTERPRETERS, WHOM I HAVE RECENTLY JOINED, HAVE TRAVELLED THE GALAXY BRINGING ENLIGHTENMENT TO THE DARK CORNERS OF SPACE

OF COURSE THEY HAVE TAKEN **GREAT** INTEREST IN EARTHLY AFFAIRS

FOR MANY YEARS NOW THE INTERPRETERS HAVE BEEN TRYING TO AROUSE HUMANITY TO THE DANGERS SURROUNDING IT BY SENDING OUT CODED MESSAGES. THE LATEST ATTEMPTS INVOLVE UTILISING THE MEDIUM OF COMIC STRIP STORIES

THE GALACTIC GOVERNMENT GOT VERY UPSET ABOUT THIS UNTIL IT REALISED THAT ON EARTH THESE 'COMIC STRIPS' ARE REGARDED AS VEHICLES FOR MERE FANTASY AND THAT NOBODY AT ALL BELIEVES THAT THEY CONTAIN ANY FORM OF TRUTH.

MEANWHILE, AS PART OF THEIR PROGRAM TO LIBERATE EARTH, THE INTERPRETERS RECRUITED TITAN TO GO THERE AND HELP ORGANIZE PUBLISHING AN ACCOUNT OF OUR EXPERIENCES IN COMIC STRIP FORM.

LIKE THIS? IS **THAT** OK?

NO NO! MORE ANGRY EXPRESSION! GIVE ME THE EYES, THE EYES!

ME! A CHARACTER IN A **COMIC STRIP!** **GOD!** I **HATE** COMIC STRIPS

NEV! SOUNDS **GREAT** TO ME, I **LOVE** COMICS.

WITH HIS PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY, CHIP TITAN RECONSTRUCTED EVERY SCENE IN GREAT DETAIL, CAMERA ANGLE, LIGHTING AND SO ON, FOR THE ARTIST WHO IS AN INTERPRETER AGENT, LIVING UNDERCOVER IN EARTH DISGUISE.

WHY DIDN'T ANYBODY **ASK US?!**

THE GALAXY **IS** A VERY BIG PLACE YOU WERE OUT OF CIRCULATION SO TO SPEAK EVEN THE ASSASSINATORS TOOK **YEARS** TO FIND YOU.

DON'T BE **TOO** HARD ON TITAN THO'. HE WAS ACTING IN GOOD FAITH. HE WAS ONLY TRYING TO DEFEND EARTH.

AND I THINK PERHAPS THAT IT WAS A SENSE OF GUILT AMONGST **OTHER THINGS** ADMITTEDLY

HE COULDN'T STAY OFF THE LUBRICATING OIL!

WHICH PUT HIM ON THE FLIGHT PATH TO **METALLUS!**

SO WHAT ARE ALL THESE DANGERS THAT ARE THREATENING PLANET EARTH?

THERE ARE MANY SECTIONAL INTERESTS VYING FOR GREATER CONTROL. INTERPLANETARY CONGLOMERATES. NOT LEAST THE GALACTIC GOVERNMENT ITSELF! **EARTH**, YOU SEE, IS BEING USED ILLEGITIMATELY AS A GIGANTIC TEST-BED!

A WHOLE RANGE OF THINGS THAT ARE **FAR TOO DANGEROUS** TO BE ALLOWED IN CIVILISED AREAS OF THE GALAXY ARE BEING TRIED OUT ON HUMAN BEINGS FIRST! FROM ATOMIC REACTORS, STAR WARS AND NUCLEAR DETERRENCE TO PCB'S, ACID RAIN, PESTICIDES AND FOOD ADDITIVES! EARTH IS BECOMING AN INCREASINGLY DANGEROUS PLACE FOR HOMO SAPIENS TO BE!

HEY! IS **THIS** THE COMIC THAT'S ABOUT **US**?

HERE! I DON'T LIKE THE WAY HE'S DRAWN US, D'YOU SUSIE?

WHAT A NERVE, I NEVER SAID **THAT!**

THIS ISN'T VERY **ACCURATE**, SIS!

SO BEAUTIFUL SO DANGEROUS

YES IT **IS** RATHER **IRRITATING!** HE SEEMS TO HAVE **EMBROIDERED** A BIT!

A **BIT!** AND LOOK AT **THIS!** WRITTEN DOWN BENEATH THE STORY OF OUR LIVES. COPYRIGHT **THE CREATOR!!**

YES! I HAVE A COUPLE OF BONES TO PICK WITH THIS ARTIST

I THINK HE IS BEGINNING TO **BELIEVE** IN HIS OWN **FANTASIES!**

IN FACT HE'S DRAWING A COMIC ABOUT US RIGHT **NOW** AS A TENTH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF OUR FIRST ADVENTURE..

THIS IS WHY WE ARE ALL GOING TO EARTH. IT WAS TEN YEARS AGO TODAY THAT THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF OUR COMIC LIKE STORY TOOK PLACE. WE ARE ON OUR WAY TO THE NORTH-AMERICAN PUBLISHERS PARTY NOW.

YOU MEAN..

YES. WE ARE GOING TO MEET **THE CREATOR!**

AND I THINK I SHALL GIVE HIM A **LITTLE SURPRISE.**

AHEM! EXCUSE ME SIR BUT THERE ARE SIX **CHARACTERS** AT THE DOOR, IN SEARCH OF AN AUTHOR.

ULP! I WASN'T EXPECTING THEM UNTIL THE **NEXT** PAGE! I HAVEN'T FINISHED THE STORY YET!

OH WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY ARRIVING EARLY! THERE WAS SUPPOSED T'BE ANOTHER PANEL WHERE YOU'RE SHOWN TRAVELLING THROUGH HYPERSPACE TO GET HERE!
WE ARE THE AUTHORS OF OUR OWN AUTOBIOGRAPHIES THANK YOU! IF WE WANT TO MISS OUT A PANEL WE CAN!
NO, NO, NO! YOU'VE GOT IT WRONG, GANG! YOU ARE ALL JUST ACTORS ON A COSMIC STAGE YOU'RE ALL FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION!
IF WERE NOT REAL, HOW COME WE'RE ARGUING WITH YOU NOW THEN EH?
SIMPLE MY FRIENDS ARE SICK OF ARGUING ABOUT REALITY WITH ME SO I ARGUE ABOUT IT WITH MYSELF, THROUGH MY COMIC CHARACTERS!
YOU WERE RIGHT, SISYPHUS! HE'S GONE!
BLOWN A FUSE!
FLIPPED HIS LID!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET HIM BACK TO ANDROMEDA FOR DE-PROGRAMMING!
YES! YOU'RE ALL APPEARING IN ONE OF MY COMIC STRIPS RIGHT NOW! YOUR EVERY WORD IS BEING READ BY MILLIONS RIGHT AT THIS VERY SECOND!
PSST! GO ON WILLY SAY SOMETHING PROFOUND!
I'LL BET THERE'S A LOAD OF CHICKS OUT THERE WHO'LL BE IMPRESSED BY YOUR HUGE INTELLECT
EP...EXCUSE ME... I NEED TO GO TO THE TOILET
CONTROL YOUR NAUSEA! THIS IS YOUR BIG CHANCE!
I'LL SAY SOMETHING THEN...ER NICE DAY ISN'T IT
♫HELLO♫ HELLO! IS THAT ALL YOU CAN THINK OF?!
FUCK ME!!
LISTEN! WHATEVER YOU DO DON'T FOLLOW LEADERS, WATCH THE PARKING METERS! AND DON'T QUOTE OTHER PEOPLE THINK FOR YOURSELVES!
YEAH! DON'T QUOTE OTHERS THINK FOR YOURSELVES!
HEY! THIS COMIC HERE – SO UGLY SO BORING! WE DON'T LIKE THE WAY YOU'VE PORTRAYED US! IT'S SEXIST, WE'RE MUCH MORE INTELLIGENT THAN THIS SHOWS!
I AGREE! WHAT CAN I SAY?! TO ERR IS HUMAN!
BUT YOU'RE NOT HUMAN! YOU'RE AN ALIEN LIKE ME!
DON'T BE DAFT! I'M NORMAL, JUST LIKE EVERYBODY ELSE.
NOBODY IS NORMAL! EVERYONE IS AN INDIVIDUAL!
YOU'VE BEEN PUT ON EARTH TO COMMUNICATE COSMIC EVENTS TO THE HUMAN RACE, TO SOUND OUT A WARNING!
I KNOW I SPEND TOO MUCH TIME LIVING IN FANTASY WORLDS BUT I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN EARTH IS MY HOME.
DON'T YOU SOMETIMES FEEL HOMELESS LIKE YOU'RE A STRANGER ON THE EARTH
WELL...COME TO THINK OF IT THERE ARE TIMES WHEN I FEEL RATHER...
ALIENATED
THIS IS ABSURD! HOW CAN MY CHARACTERS BE GETTING THE BETTER OF ME IN AN ARGUMENT!
LOOK...COME HERE AND SIT DOWN. IT'S LIKE THIS YOU SEE, YOU ARE ONLY A CONDUIT FOR VAST COSMIC FORCES! WE, THE INTERGALACTERS ARE USING YOU TO GET OUR MESSAGE ACROSS.
LET ME PUT IT TO YOU THIS WAY...JUST SUPPOSE...YOU'RE RIGHT AND YOU DID REALLY CREATE ALL THIS. THEN THAT WOULD MEAN THAT STAR WARS, NUCLEAR POWER AND MUTUAL ASSURED DESTRUCTION WERE AFTER ALL NOT THE INVENTIONS OF EVIL ALIEN INTELLIGENCES..
NOW THAT WOULD BE CRAZY WOULDN'T IT?!
WAAAH! SLOBBER SO IT'S TRUE! I AM AN ALIEN!
THERE THERE
TELL ME SISYPHUS, IF EVERYONE THINKS COMICS ARE JUST FANTASY WHY ARE WE USING THEM?
THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOME OUT THERE WHO CAN READ THE SIGNS WHO REALISE THE FANTASTIC TRUTH BEHIND THAT AGE OLD ADAGE TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION!
C'MON, YOU LOT! THE PARTY IS OVER! SPACE AND TIME AS WE KNOW IT IS ABOUT TO END. THIS IS THE LAST PANEL OF THE EIGHTH PAGE OUT!
HEY! I'M NOT A COMIC CHARACTER! I'M THE CREATOR! I'M EXEMPT FROM THESE PETTY RESTRICTIONS!
LISTEN OUT THERE!, READ THE SOUL OF MAN UNDER SOCIALISM BY OSCAR WILDE. IT'S IMPORTANT!
-BYE ALL - AND DON'T FORGET, LIFE ALWAYS IMITATES ART' - Best wishes from The Creator 1987

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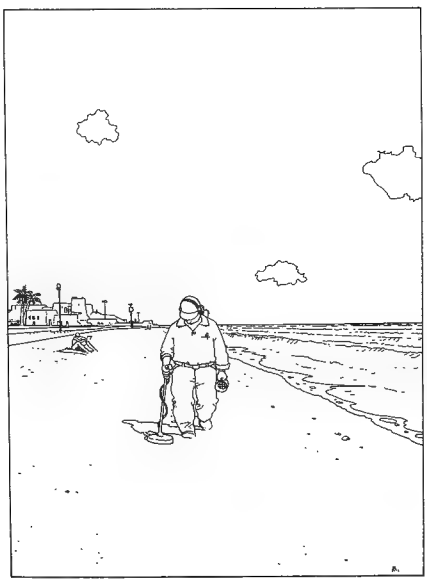
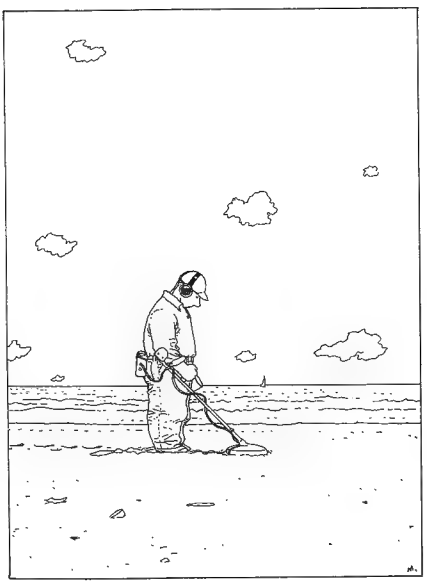
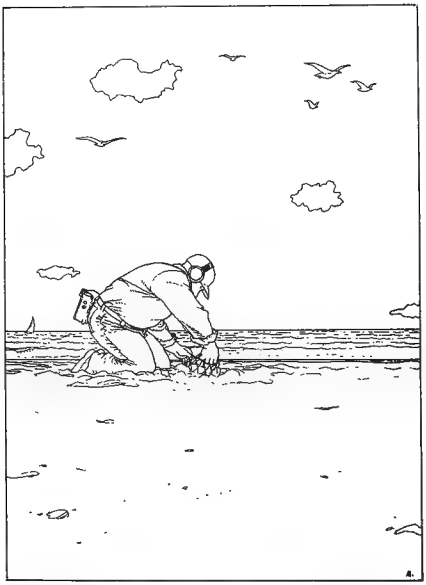
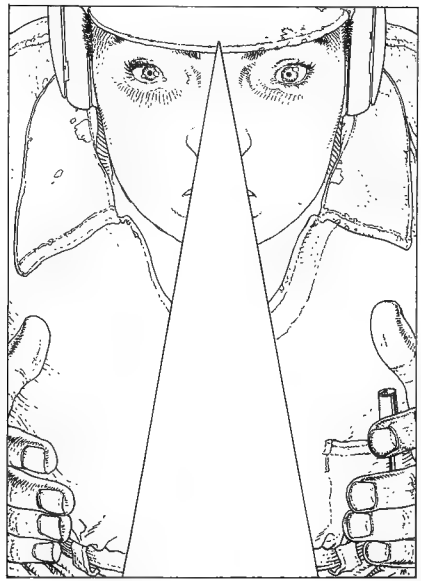
TOR JOHNSON IN THE COUNTRY
©1986
BY DREW FRIEDMAN & JOHNNY LEGEND
TOR JOHNSON ROAMS THE COUNTRYSIDE IN SEARCH OF NEW ADVENTURES.
TOR A REGULAR NATURE BOY.
WHILE CROSSING THE OLD MILLER BRIDGE, TOR PAUSES TO RELIEVE HIMSELF.
TOR MAKE NUMBER ONE.
UNBEKNOWNST TO TOR, A MEAN AND MISERABLE OLD BUM IS TRYING TO CATCH A FEW WINKS BENEATH THE BRIDGE
SPLAT!
WHO'S RAININ' ON MY PARADE?!
WHO THE HELL DO YOU THINK YOU ARE?
TOR!
BONK!
NEXT TIME, TOR MAKE NUMBER TWO
END

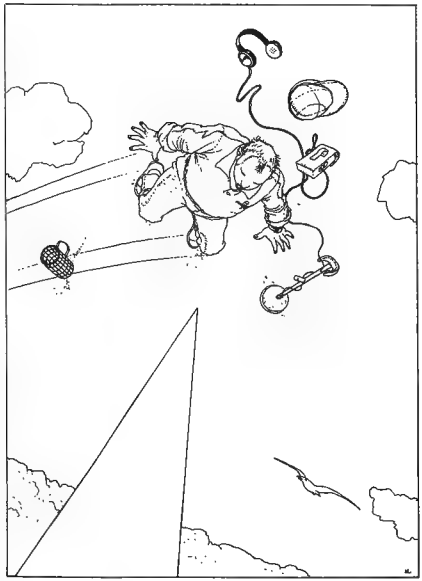
THE GOLD DIGGER

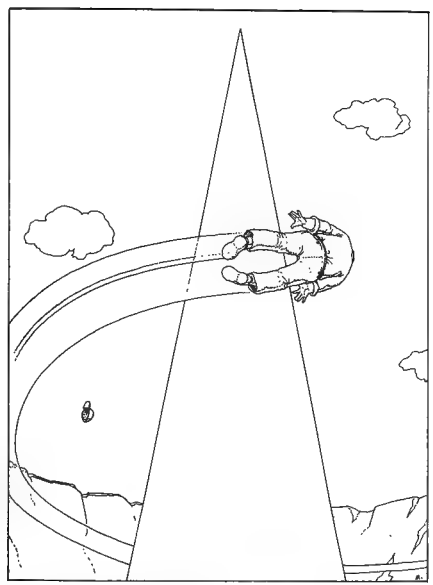


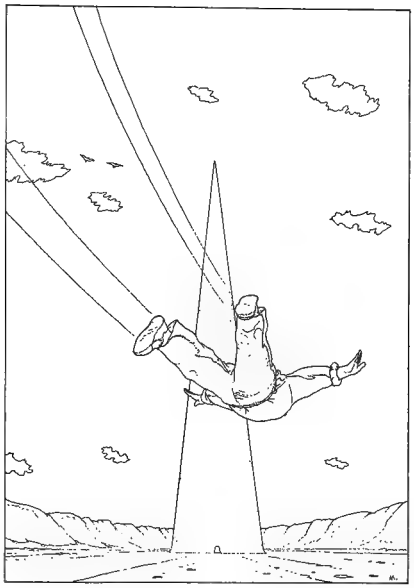


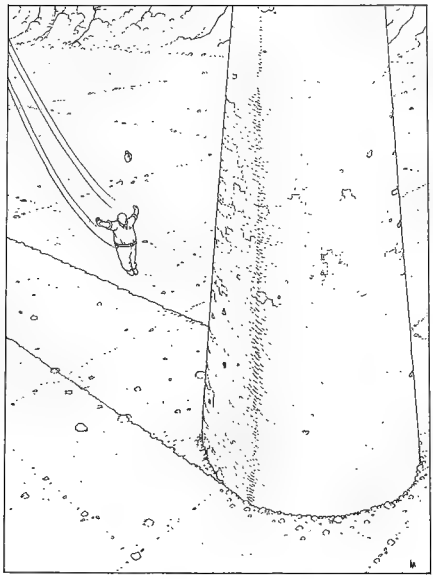


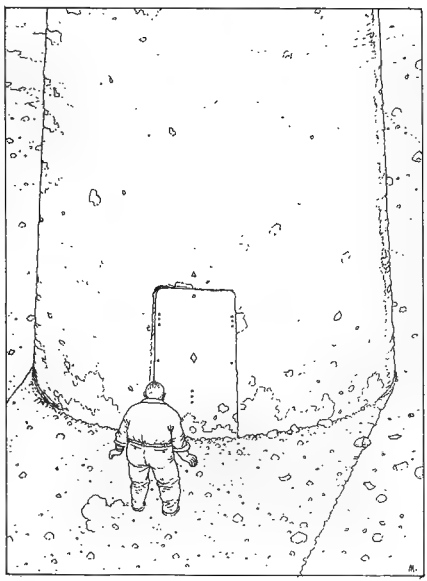


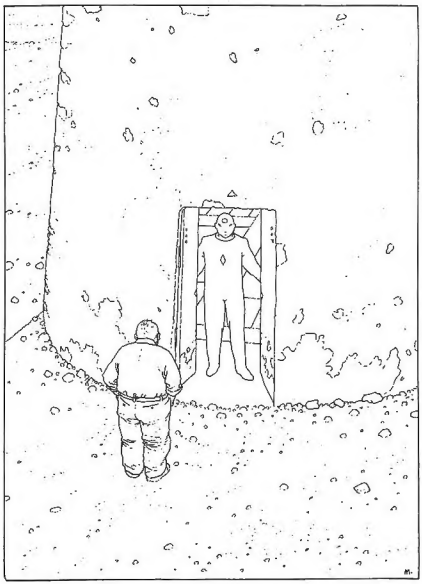


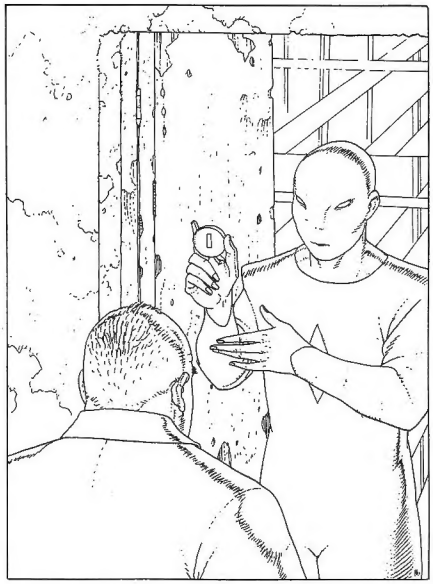


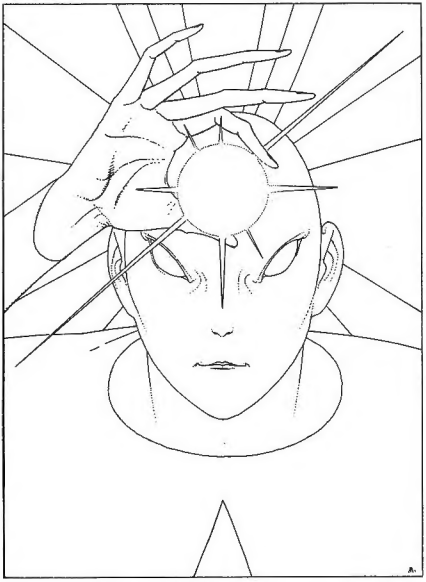


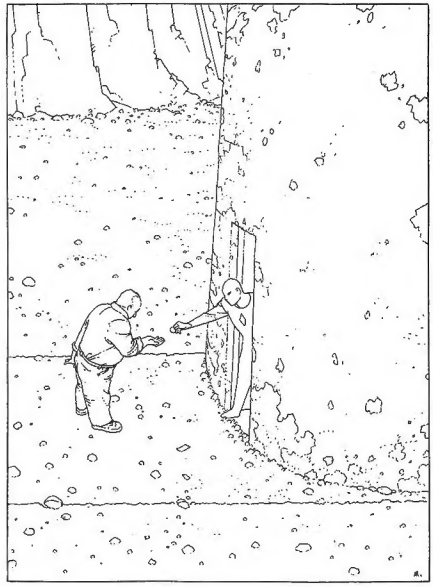


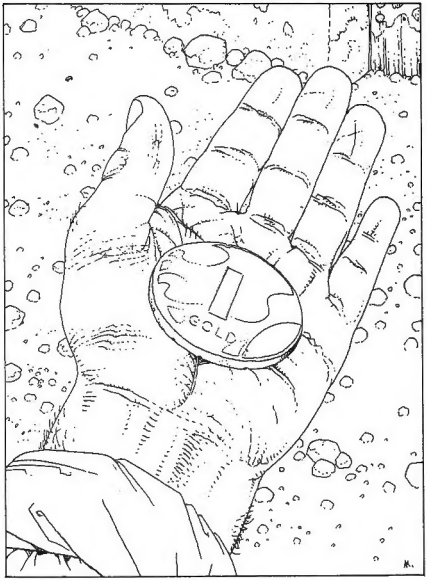








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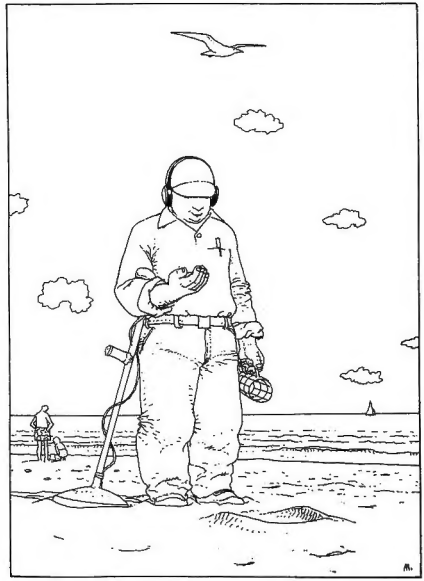

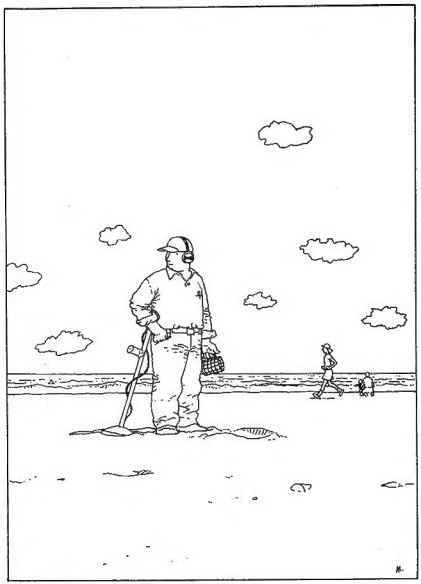

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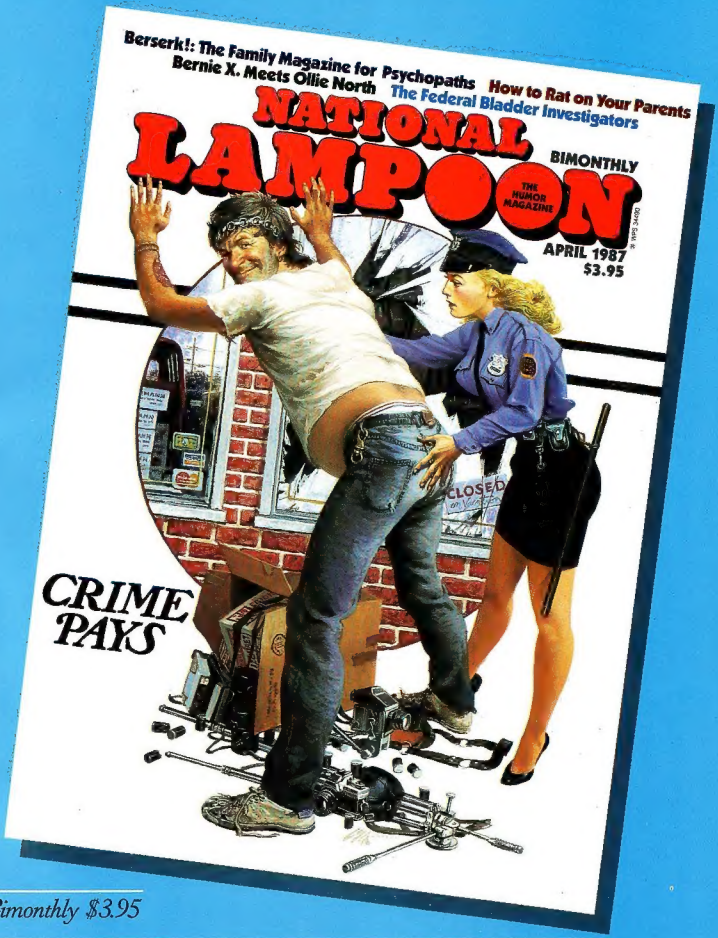

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